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- Ticket from Tomahawk p.28
- Anxious moments on the L&N p.34
- Mixed train in Quebec p.46
- And more!



plus

**C&NW's
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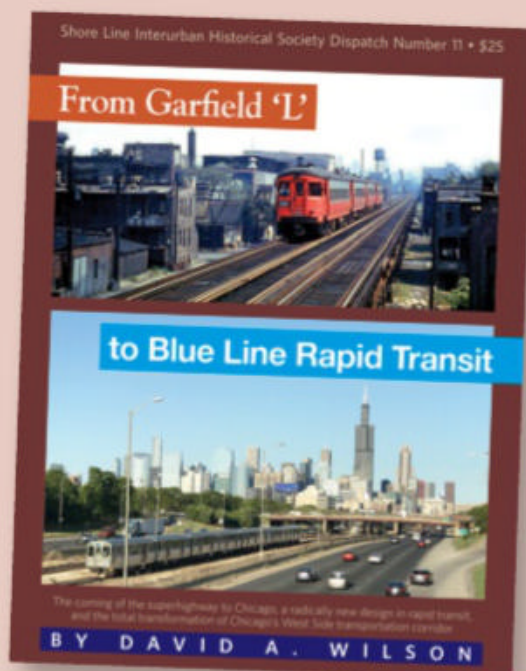
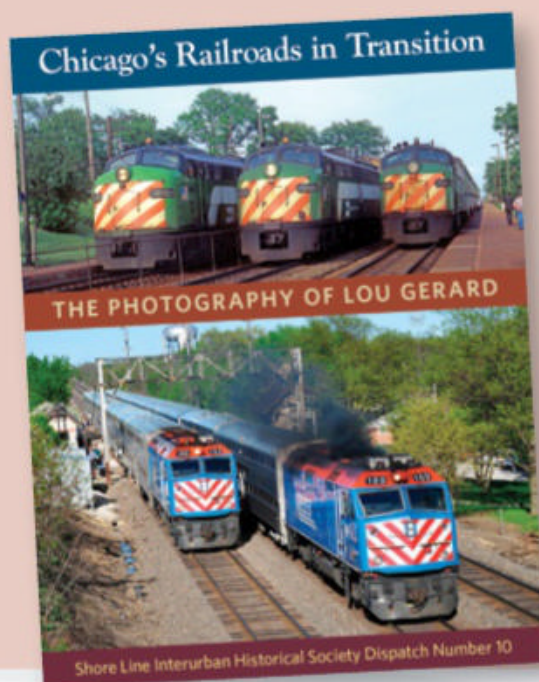
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This Issue



On our cover

Train time! Amtrak E9 418 heads San Joaquin Valley train 710 at Fresno, Calif., in March 1974. G. Mac Seabee, Krambles-Peterson Archive

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ALL ABOARD!

The most exciting sound

In the 1946 movie *It's a Wonderful Life*, Jimmy Stewart's character George Bailey declares, on hearing the cry of an approaching steam locomotive, that "the three most exciting sounds in the world" are "anchor chains, plane motors, and train whistles." We couldn't agree more — except that, with due respect to water and air travel, we'd put those train whistles, and all that they imply, first on the list.

During the decade or so before Amtrak's launch — now 50 years ago — it seemed as if train whistles might no longer be a part of the long-distance travel picture. Indeed, the preservation of rail service was arguably not Congress's main motivation for creating the National Railroad Passenger Corp. Losses from passenger operations were dragging some railroads — notably the biggest one, Penn Central — into the poorhouse, and something was needed to relieve them of the burden. In throwing the railroads a life preserver, Congress also set up an entity that was devoted — *committed* — to operating passenger trains.

For many fans of the "grand conveyance," the advent of Amtrak on May 1, 1971, was a dark moment, the end of more than a century of tradition and style — and of about half the trains that had been running on April 30. But Amtrak also arrested the long decline that had largely hollowed out those traditions. Slowly, unevenly the trains began to get better, and more and more people began riding them. Future generations would know the joys of train travel after all.

To mark Amtrak's 50th anniversary, we've assembled a package of articles about riding trains. Only one takes place after 1971 — the rest are from the private-sector era. Also, "What's in a Photograph?" [page 66] is passenger-themed, and we've gathered a gallery of images of steam passenger power [page 50].

So, listen for that whistle, and for the conductor's cry of "All aboard!"



Passengers board Amtrak's northbound *Coast Starlight* at Glendale, Calif., in 1985. Ahead: a full day of Pacific Coast scenery. William D. Volkmer

Robert S. McGonigal
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Executive Producer
Producer

A. David Popp
Kent Johnson

Editorial

Phone: (262) 796-8776
E-mail: editor@classictrainsmag.com
Fax: (262) 798-6468
P.O. Box 1612
Waukesha, WI 53187-1612

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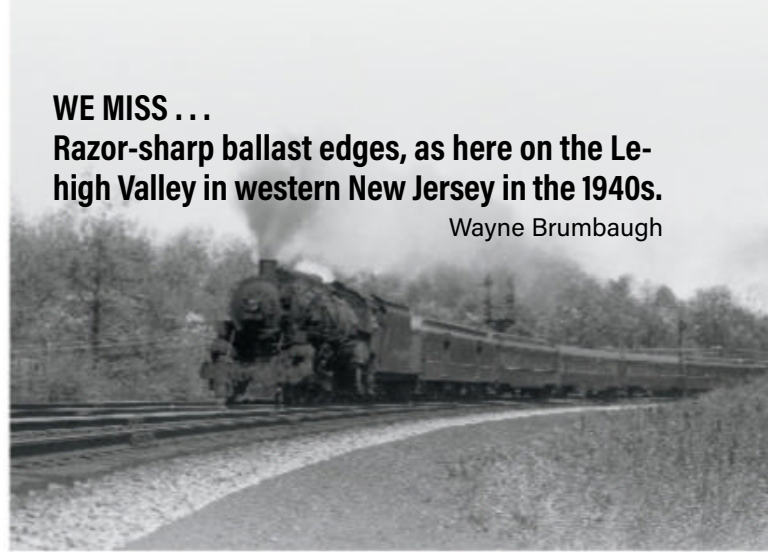
A potpourri of railroad history, then and now

HeadEnd

WE MISS . . .

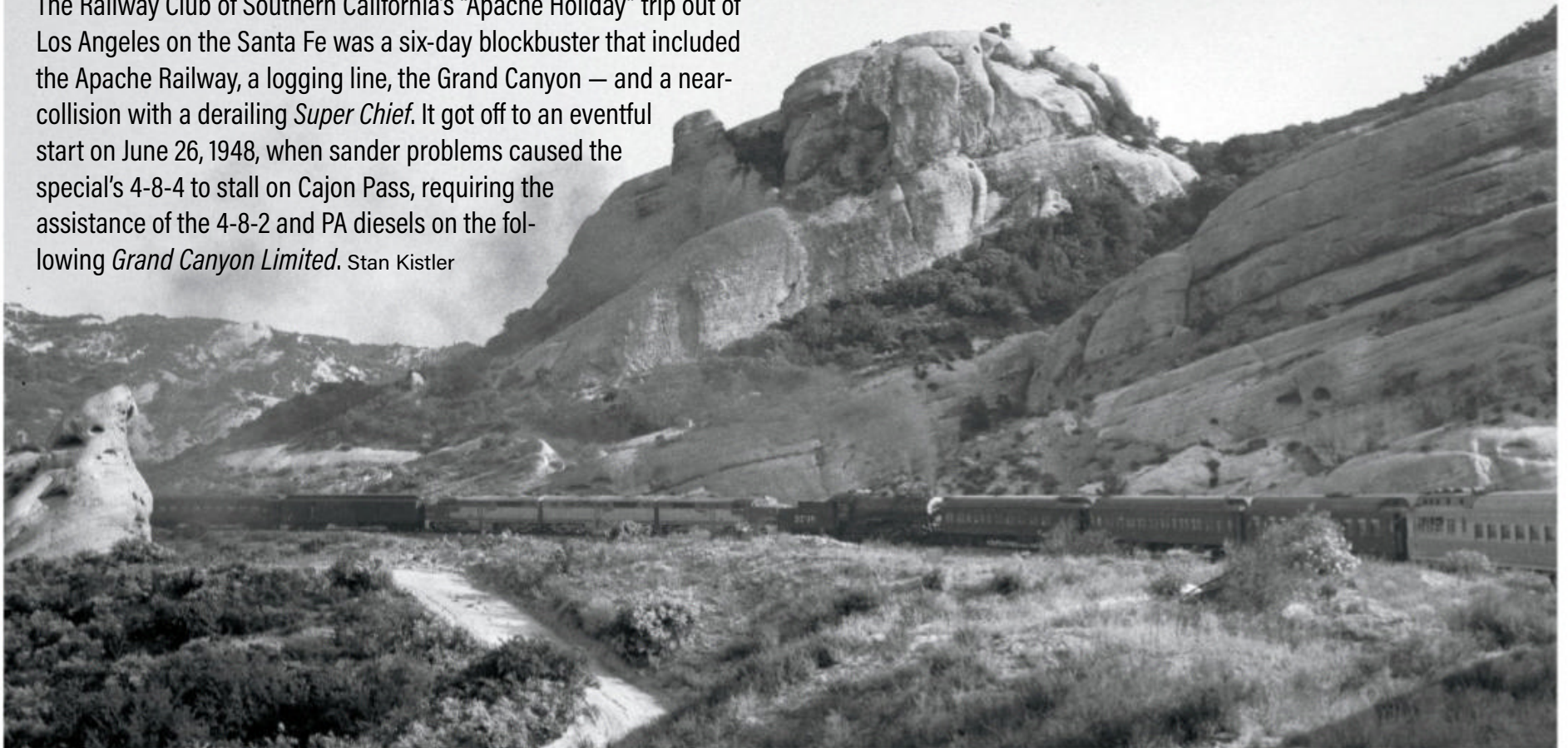
Razor-sharp ballast edges, as here on the Lehigh Valley in western New Jersey in the 1940s.

Wayne Brumbaugh



Holiday surprise

The Railway Club of Southern California's "Apache Holiday" trip out of Los Angeles on the Santa Fe was a six-day blockbuster that included the Apache Railway, a logging line, the Grand Canyon — and a near-collision with a derailing *Super Chief*. It got off to an eventful start on June 26, 1948, when sander problems caused the special's 4-8-4 to stall on Cajon Pass, requiring the assistance of the 4-8-2 and PA diesels on the following *Grand Canyon Limited*. Stan Kistler



Facelift for the first E unit

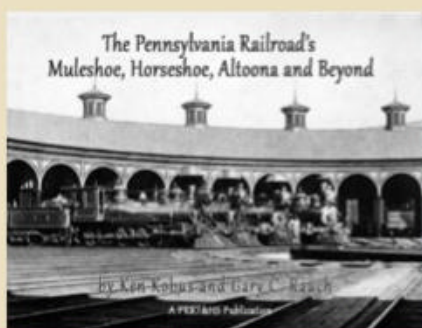
The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Museum has cosmetically restored a true landmark: B&O EA No. 51, the first E unit. Displayed at the Baltimore museum since the 1950s, the diesel bore carbody and pilot alterations made during its service life, and suffered from years outdoors. Now the 1937 EMC unit looks like new. Nathan Richters

Ann Arbor raises the roof

Auto racks of Jeeps and Mustangs, plus loads of auto chassis, are a tight fit in this Ann Arbor car ferry — but they do fit. When 1960s freight cars grew too big for Anne's old boats, the road rebuilt three of them with higher car-deck clearance. CLASSIC TRAINS collection



Reviews



The Pennsylvania Railroad's Muleshoe, Horseshoe, Altoona and Beyond

By Ken Kobus and Gary C. Rauch. Pennsylvania Railroad Technical & Historical Society, Bryn Mawr, Pa. 148 pages. \$49.

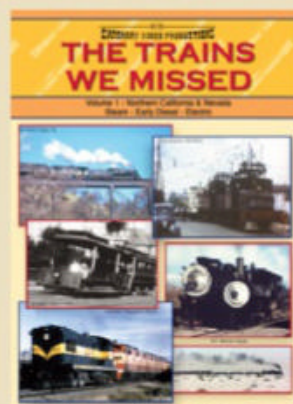
Much has been published over the decades about the Pennsylvania's shop town and operational hub of Altoona and, just to the west, the railroad's climb to the summit of the Alleghenies. This album of more than 200 photos and maps shows that there's still plenty of material that hasn't been widely circulated. After an informative 10-page introduction, veteran PRR authors Kobus and Rauch present photos that take the reader up the mountain on the Muleshoe freight line, then back down on the main line via Horseshoe Curve. Then they devote 70 pages to the road's myriad facilities in and around Altoona. — *Robert S. McGonigal*



Chesapeake & Ohio: The Last Decade of Passenger Service 1950-1971 in Color

By Thomas W. Dixon Jr. The Chesapeake & Ohio Historical Society, Clifton Forge, Va. 144 pages. \$54.95.

The Chesapeake & Ohio fielded a fleet of varnish more flashy and better remembered than that of its closest coalfield competition. Veteran author and publisher Thomas W. Dixon Jr. covers the decline of the road's passenger service with a variety of color photos. Equipment diagrams and period advertisements also help to tell the story. Special attention is paid to several unique facets of the road's passenger service, such as Road-Railers, Great Lakes car ferries, mixed trains, and chartered specials. Of particular note is commentary by William F. Howes, the last director of passenger services for the railroad. — *Brian Schmidt*



The Trains We Missed, Vol. 1: Northern California & Nevada

Catenary Video Productions, El Granada, Calif. DVD, 62 minutes. \$29.95.

This excellent program, drawing on films in the Western Railway Museum's collection, focuses on the ancient and the unusual. From the first scenes — of dummy and trailer cars San Francisco's Pacific Avenue cable line, abandoned in 1929 — you know you're in for something more exotic than Warbonnets and cab-forwards, although those icons are here too. Also on view: Santa Fe's *Valley Flyer* in color; the wartime Richmond Shipyard Railway; the Nevada County Narrow Gauge; interurbans like Sacramento Northern and San Francisco, Napa & Calistoga; the Yosemite Valley; Standard Oil's unusual electric narrow gauge at Richmond; and a Baldwin AS616 demonstrating on SP's Beaumont Hill. — *R.S.M.*

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Read the weekly blog by our columnist Kevin Keefe, who reflects on the places he's been, the people he's met, and how railroading's history impacts the industry today.



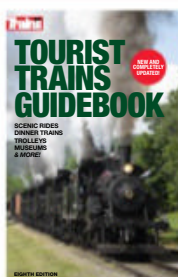
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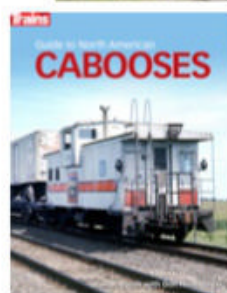
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The 224-page *GUIDE TO NORTH AMERICAN CABOOSES* is an in-depth study of the lovable little cars that once graced the rear of every freight train.



CELEBRATING A LOST WORLD

CLASSIC TRAINS' latest special edition, *STEAM'S LOST EMPIRE II*, immerses readers in the lost world of great locomotives.



EMD design evolution

Watertown, Wis., January 5, 1969: Milwaukee Road E9 No. 30C, idling for the weekend with the consist of the "Cannonball" commuter train to Milwaukee, eyes new FP45s Nos. 5 and 4 on the east-bound *Morning Hiawatha*. Elegant curves have given way to angular functionality. Clinton Jones Jr.



Different view of Penn Station

The great columns and soaring arches prominent in most photos of PRR's great New York terminal are hidden in this overhead photo of the concourse's grimy glass roof. Also hidden in this June 25, 1964, view: demolition work that began seven months earlier. Ron Ziel



Cincy steam stars

On a September 1952 morning at Cincinnati Union Terminal, future fantrip queen N&W 4-8-4 611 has just arrived with the *Pocahontas*. Two tracks over, NYC 4-6-4 5300 has brought the *Midnight Special* in from Detroit. Wallace W. Abbey

OBITUARIES

Jack O. Elwood, a retired Santa Fe road foreman of engines, died last year, on February 8, 2020, at age 100. His 13th and final CLASSIC TRAINS article begins on page 88.

NC&StL authority **David Ibata**, 66, died January 26, 2021, in Kennesaw, Ga. He wrote about the NC&StL in our Summer 2017 issue.

Retired SP/UP engineer **Tom Dill**, 74, died April 4, 2021, in Silverton, Ore. He authored many books and articles on the SP, including five in CT.

Featured DVDs

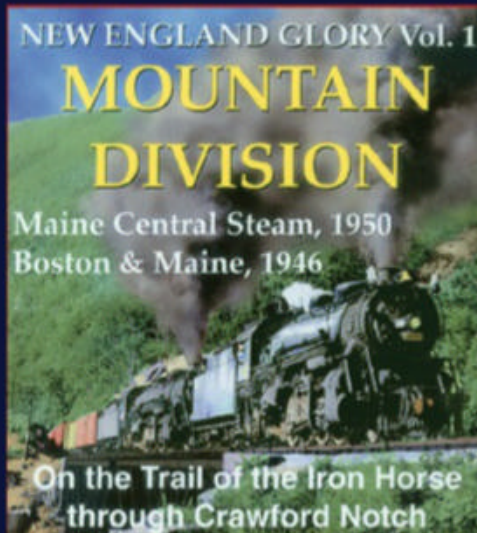


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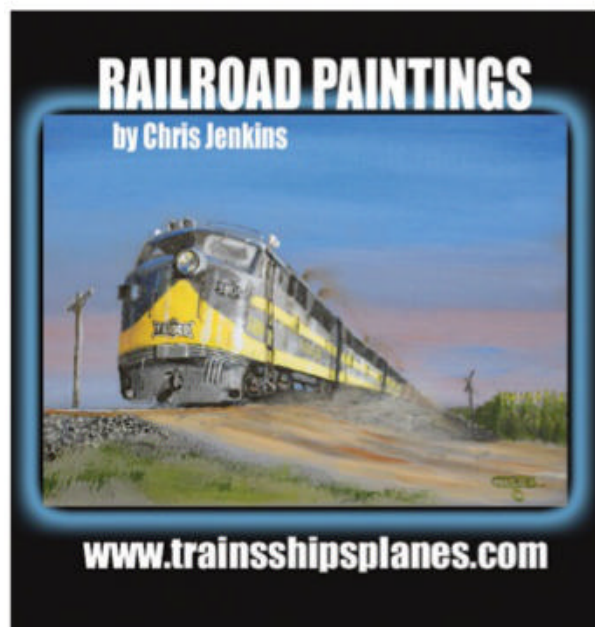
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NC&StL J2 4-8-4 No. 567 stands outside the Nashville station in the 1940s. F. S. Moorhood

Firing on the NC&StL

I learned a lot from the Spring issue, but I would say the best was Doss Moore's story ["First Run for an NC&StL Fireman," page 30]. His story gave me insight into the days of steam on his first day on the job and the interaction with his engineer to get the train over the line from Nashville to Memphis. I moved to the Nashville area over 23 years ago, so I don't know that much about NC&StL. The article gave me information not only on operations on the railroad but also on the J2 and J3 classes. I have never heard about the mechanical design of the forward driving boxes free play to glide through the curves and I'm surprised that other railroads didn't use this design. I hope to see more accounts from the days of running steam engines. It is part of history that we are losing, which younger railfans need to hear about: the glory days of steam.

Bill Sparkmon, Franklin, Tenn.

Casey Jones connection

I read with great interest Doss Moore's account, noting that his hometown was Jackson, Tenn. — also the home and final resting place of Casey Jones. Nine of the most enjoyable years of my 55-year career in ministry were spent in Jackson, and I was privileged to serve on the exploratory committee that ultimately led in the preservation and refurbishment of

the NC&StL depot on South Royal Street, done under the auspices of the city government in the early 1990s. I regret reporting that recent times have not been kind to the old depot: news reports in the past year or so indicate that the City of Jackson will disband the museum, disenfranchising the model railroad club and dispersing the railroad pieces on display.

Mike Gillespie, Corydon, Ind.

Mom, the Navy WAVE

I enjoyed Bob Withers' story of a Navy WAVE's trip by train at Christmas ["She Jumped at the Chance to Get Home," page 26]. It reminded me of the stories my mother, Jean Frances Wunder, told of her time as a WAVE anti-aircraft gunnery instructor during World War II. Included in those stories were some of traveling by

train to get home or from Navy station to station.

While Mom had some experiences with male Navy personnel who didn't behave, she didn't seem to have had as much trouble as Judith Wood Perry in the story, and she always spoke of her Navy experience with great fondness.

Stephen Wunder, Grand Junction, Colo.



“PENNSYLVANIA M1b 4-8-2”

The PRR had a fleet of 301 Mountains

*This famous dual service, high horsepower locomotive
was the hallmark of steam power.*

In 1923, the M1 was designed and built by the engineering department of the Pennsylvania Railroad. She was built at the famous Juniata Locomotive Shops in Altoona, Pennsylvania. The M1b was designed for dual service, both passenger and freight. It's greatest value, however, was hauling heavy speed freight trains. M1b 6755 was saved from the scrapper's torch for the Pennsylvania Railroad's historical collection. It is now on display at the Railroad Museum of Pennsylvania in Strasburg. This beautiful limited-edition print of an original illustration is individually numbered and signed by the artist. This exquisite print is bordered by a museum-

quality white-on-white double mat, measuring 11x14 inches. Framed in either a black or white 1 ½ inch deep wood frame, this limited-edition print measures 12 ¼ X 15 ¼ inches and is priced at only \$149. Matted but unframed the price for this print is \$109. *Prices include shipping and packaging.*

Forrest Pirovano is an artist on Cape Cod. His illustrations of famous steam locomotives are a love he has had since childhood. This illustration was created from original photographs of this locomotive by the artist.

FORREST PIROVANO, artist

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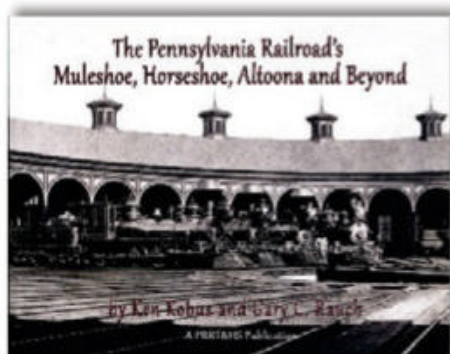
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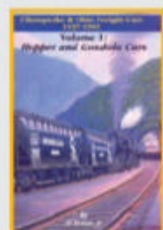


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Fast Mail

Utah in the '70s

The picture at the top of page 24 ["Utah in the '70s"] is of an SP westbound departing west toward the Lucin Cutoff. After coming off the Lucin Cutoff across the Great Salt Lake, the tracks turned south on this curve to enter their yard just north of Ogden Union Station. The Wasatch Mountains lie to the east of Ogden.

Robert Mecham, Indianapolis, Ind.

The caption for the top photo on page 24 misses that 9504 is a rare locomotive. The HTC trucks and four radiator fans identify it as a 4,200 h.p. SD45X, one of only seven EMD built in 1970-71 to test Dash 2 electrical components, higher horsepower ratings, and the HTC truck. It is still a great shot of a rare diesel!

Keith Littlewood, Brampton, Ontario

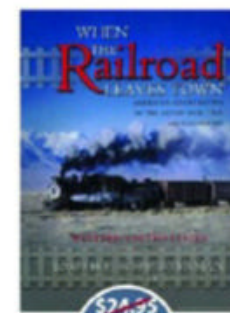
Ted Rose remembered

Your Spring issue was truly another "classic," starting with Kevin Keefe's tribute to Ted Rose ["Mileposts," page 14]. In 1997, my wife Sue and I made a cross-country trip on Amtrak. We made three stopovers, one of them being Lamy, N.Mex., on the former Santa Fe main line.

The owner of the B&B we were staying at happened to be a friend of Rose and gave us his unlisted phone number. Rose invited us over and we spent four hours admiring his work and chatting on railroading. He was not only an incredible artist, he was also a fascinating lover of trains, art, railroading, and conversation. Although we hadn't planned on it, there was no way I was going to leave without purchasing one of his paintings, a three-unit diesel freight train coming out of a thunderstorm, entitled *Railroad Colors*.

Rose was America's greatest railroad watercolor artist, bar none.

Alan MacMillan, Rockport, Mass.



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I also listened to WLAC in the early '60s. It introduced me to Blues musicians like Robert Johnson, Elmore James, Muddy Waters, and others. I marveled at this music, humming it all day, and liking it better than the top 40 tunes of the day.

I decided a few years ago to ride a bus up U.S. 61 to visit my brother in Memphis. Going through Rolling Fork past Clarksdale and the Delta Blues Museum I didn't have a tape or CD, only the music in my mind.

Donald Keenan, Bossier City, La.

Rose's Mexican steam

The picture on pages 42–43 ["Archive Treasures: Steam So Familiar, Yet So Distant"] is of a Ferrocarril Central Mexicano 130-class Pacific. Note the odd pipe in front of the stack, and the shape of the numberboards near the stack. Engines 130, 132, 133, 134, and 136 were in service out of Apizaco in mid-1961, running to Mexico City and Esperanza. Nacionales de México had just taken over the Mexicano, and used these engines on some of the locals out of Valle de Mexico as well. Judging by the building in the background, I would say that the picture was taken at Apizaco.

Victor Hand, Bar Harbor, Maine

Englewood enchantment

As an avid steam fan and former New York Central employee, I read with great interest the article about Englewood Union Station [page 54]. I have a collection of NYC steam photographs and found one that may interest readers. The photo shows New York Central train 6, the *Fifth Avenue Special*, with Hudson 5301 stopping at Englewood in August 1948.

Rich Warren, Shelton, Conn.



A man watches from the platform as NYC 4-6-4 Hudson 5301 stops at Englewood in August 1948 with the eastbound *Fifth Avenue Special*. Rich Warren collection

Got a comment? Write us at Fast Mail, Classic Trains, P.O. Box 1612, Waukesha, WI 53187-1612; email: fastmail@classictrainsmag.com. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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IRWIN CAR AND EQUIPMENT

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One fine day on Sand Patch

On a cloudless May 24, 1956, Baltimore & Ohio Q-4b Mikado 4496 works west up Sand Patch Grade at Manila, Pa., less than a mile from the summit. The fireman is doing an admirable job of keeping his stack clear on the steep climb. And his 34-year-old engine, fresh from overhaul, never looked better. Although several big roads have dieselized, coal-burners like 4496 are still handling 20 percent of B&O freight. Yet in less than two years, steam will be gone from the B&O. William P. Price



ALL ABOARD!

Amtrak's rainbow connection

The mix of cars in the carrier's early years made for dazzling variety



A stewardess-nurse speaks to passengers in the Lewis & Clark lounge of one of NP's Traveller's Rest cars in April 1959. William D. Middleton

People who love passenger trains are hearkening back 50 years to May 1, 1971, the day Amtrak, created by Congress nearly out of whole cloth the previous year, began operations. It was an inaugural both anxious and auspicious, the former because this brand-new railroad would inevitably have its fits and starts, the latter because there was so much at stake. We all remember red-letter days like May 10, 1869 (needs no introduction) and April 1, 1976 (Conrail Day), but Amtrak's big debut ranks right up there. As of that midnight, America's railroad world would never be the same.

Looking back that far, I can't help but surrender to a fair amount of nostalgia, thanks to one of the essential facts of Amtrak's birth: its fleet of cast-off passenger cars inherited from nine different

railroads. From the perspective of a half-century, the challenge Amtrak faced in building a fleet seems almost impossible. Somehow, they did it, buying 1,190 cars, mostly from Western carriers, including 441 from the Santa Fe alone. For all this, Amtrak paid a grand total of \$16.8 million. That's about \$14,000 per car (or \$93,000 today).

What Amtrak got was a fantastically varied collection of remnants from the great postwar streamliner era, most of them the products of the Budd Company and Pullman-Standard. The emphasis was on the stock stuff — coaches, sleepers, and baggage cars — but there were enough diners and domes and lounges to make things interesting. Even the occasional observation car made the cut.

Suddenly we were in the Rainbow Era,

when nearly every passenger train was a jumble of car types, carbody finishes, and color schemes. Photographers had a field day recording the kaleidoscope. Like *Forrest Gump*, you never knew what you were gonna get.

I learned this firsthand on a cold winter's night in 1973, when I boarded Amtrak 354, the *St. Clair*, the evening Chicago-Detroit train. Ready to encounter the usual mix of mundane Budd-built stainless-steel coaches and perhaps a snack-bar lounge of some lineage, I was stunned to push through the vestibule door and find myself inside the so-called "Lewis & Clark" lounge of one of Northern Pacific's "Traveller's Rest" buffet-lounge cars, rebuilt for *North Coast Limited* service back in 1955.

One of several former coach-lounge-

buffets rebuilt by NP, that Traveller's Rest car was just about the most exotic thing this Michigander had ever seen on rails. Many of its design characteristics are credited to Raymond Loewy, but to me the real hero of the car was the Chicago artist Edgar Miller, whom NP had commissioned to create nearly full-length murals along the interior. Painted on what appeared to be buckskin, these illustrated maps depicted key moments in the 1803–06 explorations of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, including their storied Montana campsite that gave the cars their name. I recall sitting in the lounge, tracing the great explorers' trek through Montana and Idaho and Oregon, even as Kalamazoo and Battle Creek passed incongruously out the windows.

Then there was the time I rode to Denver in the spring of 1972 for an early meeting of the Tourist Railway Association, known as TRAIN. Several friends gathered at Chicago Union Station, boarded our sleepers, then discovered to our delight that the train included one of

the celebrated ex-Southern Pacific three-quarter-length domes, kitbashed in SP's own shops back in 1954 and '55 for use on various *Daylights* and other trains. David P. Morgan called it one of his favorite lightweight cars, and it was easy to understand why as we cruised across the

That car was just about the most exotic thing this Michigander had ever seen on rails.

Illinois prairie, settling in for a drink beneath the lounge's lofty dome glass, approximately 11 feet above us.

There were so many other surprises in those early years: New York Central observation cars on the Chicago–Dubuque *Blackhawk*; the combined *Empire Builder/North Coast Hiawatha* rolling along the Yakima River, flying the flags of (count 'em) *five* different railroads; the B&O sleeper-lounge-obs car *Dana* on the *Broadway Limited*; SP sleeping cars in Florida service; and NP dome sleepers on the *Floridian*.

The fun — if that's what you want to call it — couldn't last, and gradually Amtrak transitioned to a uniform look, partly through the slow but steady repainting and renovating of its inherited cars, more so with the sudden influx of

the first Amfleet cars in 1975 and Superliners in 1979. All of that modernization was to the good: the railroad couldn't survive on the old cars, despite the relative success of Amtrak's later Heritage Fleet project.

But we lost something in the transition. For the National Association of Railroad Passengers and other members of the Amtrak lobby, the Rainbow Era was best left behind, but I came to miss it in the inevitable march toward uniformity. As a frequent passenger between Milwaukee and Chicago in those first few years, that meant resting your head on GM&O antimacassars, grabbing a snack in an old Seaboard Coast Line diner, and watching the signals blur past at Rondout through Burlington dome glass. It was a brief but blessed bit of chaos. ■



KEVIN P. KEEFE joined the *TRAINS* staff in 1987, became editor in 1992, and retired in 2016 as *Kalmbach Publishing Co.'s* vice president, editorial. His "Mileposts" blog appears weekly at [Trains.com/ctr](https://trains.com/ctr).

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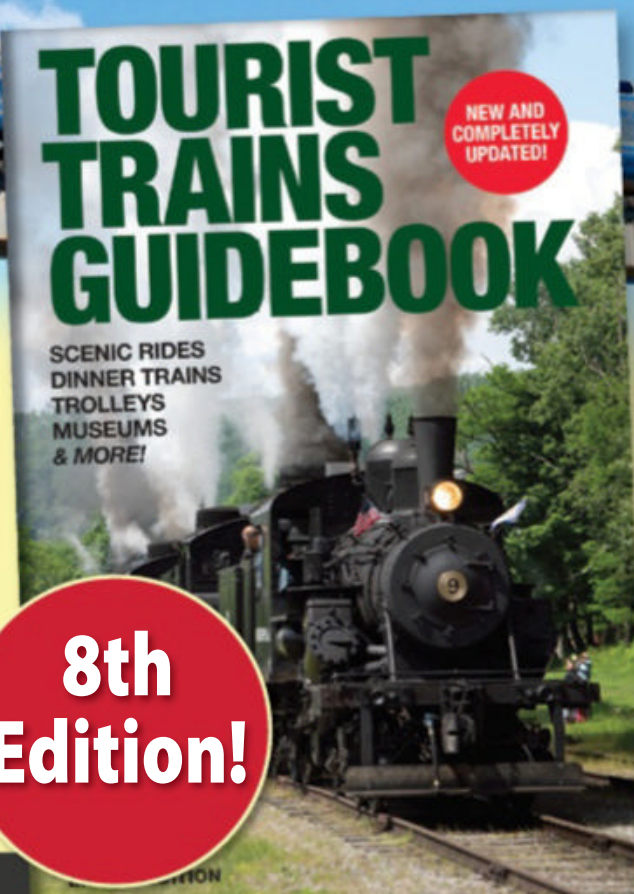
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ALL ABOARD!

The spirit of '76:

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IN AMTRAK'S SIXTH SUMMER, A USA RAIL PASS WAS A TICKET TO A 9,400-MILE ADVENTURE

BY JACK M. TURNER • Photos by the author

SUMMER 1976 WAS A TIME OF celebration across the land as the United States observed its Bicentennial. It was also a personal celebration, as I graduated from college in June and embarked on a rail journey around the country with my buddy Eric Harms.

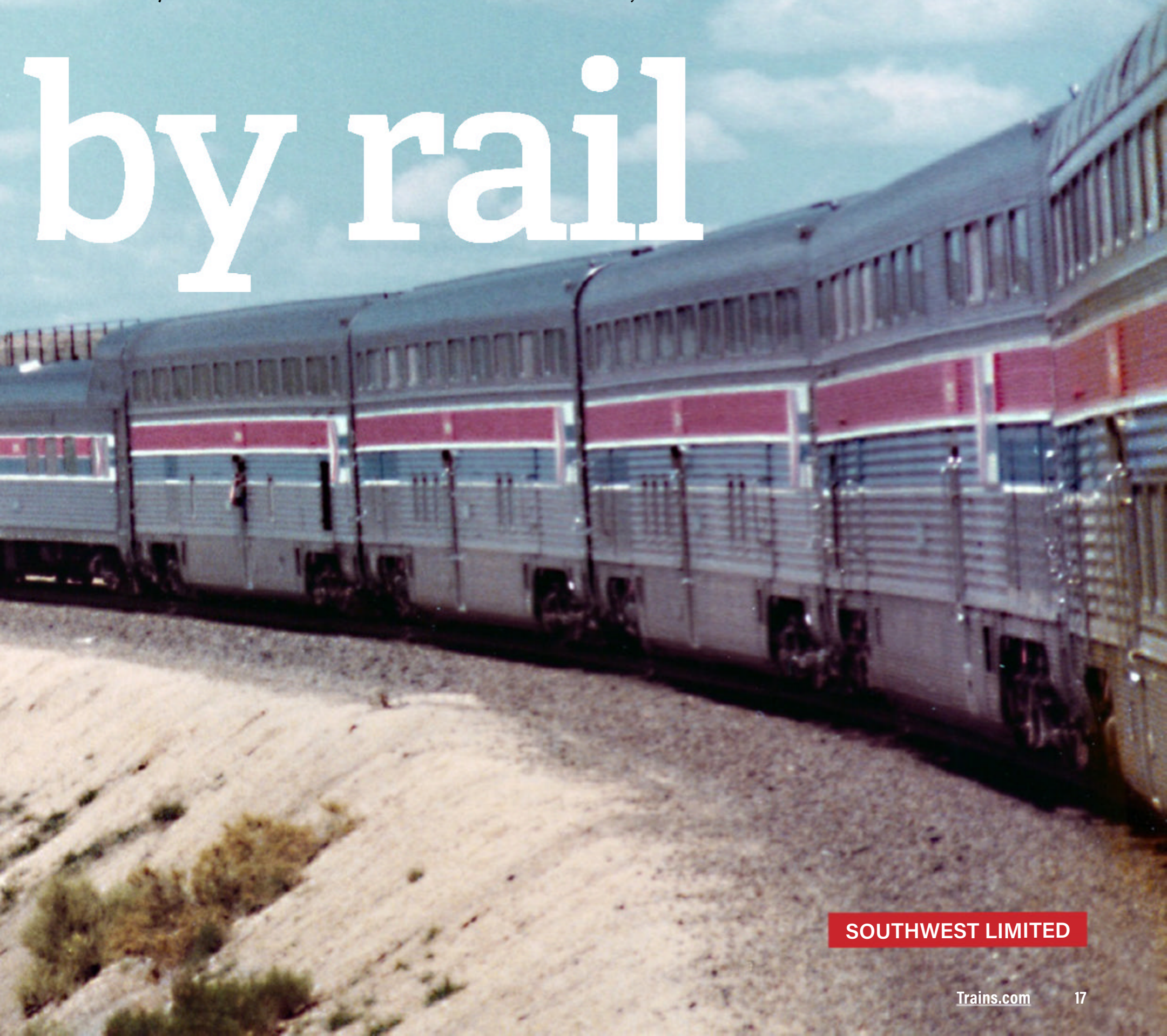
The notion of such a rail extravaganza was hatched sometime in May when we learned about Amtrak's fledgling USA Rail Pass that allowed 14 days of unlimited travel with a few restrictions. The major limitation



Author Turner purchased his 14-day USA Rail Pass at the Thomasville, Ga., station, a stop on the *Floridian's* route.

The westbound *Southwest Limited* winds through southeastern Colorado on June 21, the sixth day of the trip.

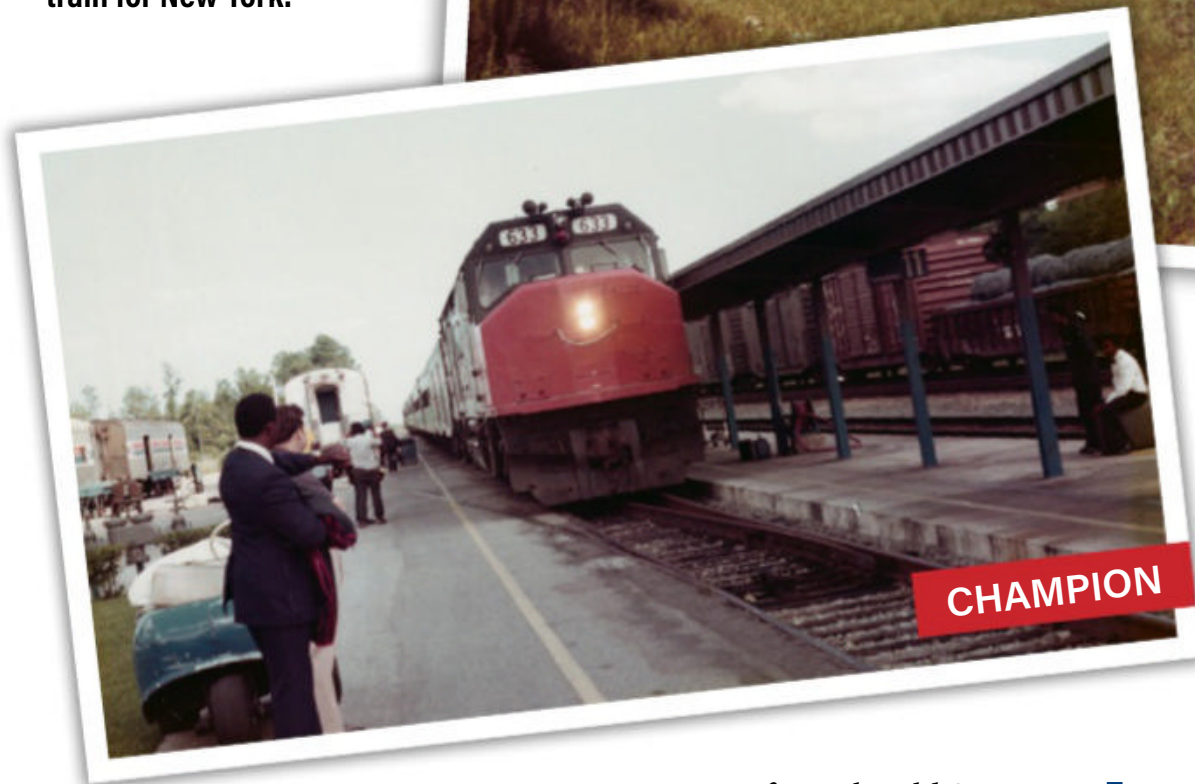
by rail



SOUTHWEST LIMITED

The northbound *Silver Meteor* from Miami, first of the trip's 16 trains, rounds Honeymoon Wye on the way into Jacksonville on June 16.

The northbound *Champion* from St. Petersburg arrives at the new station on Jacksonville's north side behind SDP40F 633. Here it will combine with the *Silver Meteor* to form an 18-car train for New York.



was that the pass was valid only for coach travel, although upgrades to Slumbercoach were permitted on trains that had such cars. Upgrades to sleeper were possible too, but could be secured only on the day of travel. Changes to the itinerary were allowed, and the final leg of travel had to start before midnight on the 14th day.

With these rules in mind, Eric and I set about bartering and perfecting our plans until we had just the right itinerary. At that point my friend Julie and I made the 45-minute drive to Thomasville, Ga. (the closest Amtrak station to my location at the time), where I purchased the passes, a process complicated by the fact that the ticket agent had never sold such a pass and that they had to be handwritten.

JUNE 16-17: Miami-New York

My departure came from my hometown, Miami, on June 16 aboard the *Silver Meteor* in coach 4590, originally built for the Union Pacific. The *Meteor* pulled

away from the old Seaboard station off 17th Avenue at 9:05 a.m. and eased through the city's industrial area, managing to lose 14 minutes by the first stop at Hollywood. I consumed the lunch my mother had packed for me as we raced along the tangent track between West Palm Beach and Sebring. Up front, SDP40F 648 was doing a good job of keeping the eight-car train around 15 minutes late.

Eric boarded at Ocala after riding a Greyhound bus from Tallahassee. As would be the case for most of the trip, he would ride coach all the way to New York. My plans, on the other hand, were to ride in some type of sleeping accommodation whenever possible.

Our arrival in Jacksonville at 4:25 p.m. brought the first such opportunity, as I

I purchased the passes, a process complicated by the fact that the ticket agent had never sold such a pass and that it had to be handwritten.

had booked a single Slumbercoach room from that point to New York. Slumbercoach *Loch Awe*, a Northern Pacific veteran, joined our train in Jacksonville along with all 10 cars from the *Champion*, which traveled up from St. Petersburg and Tampa via Orlando.

After settling in Room 11, it was time for dinner with Eric in the forward (*Silver Meteor*) dining car as we cruised along the old Seaboard main line through Thalmann, Ga.

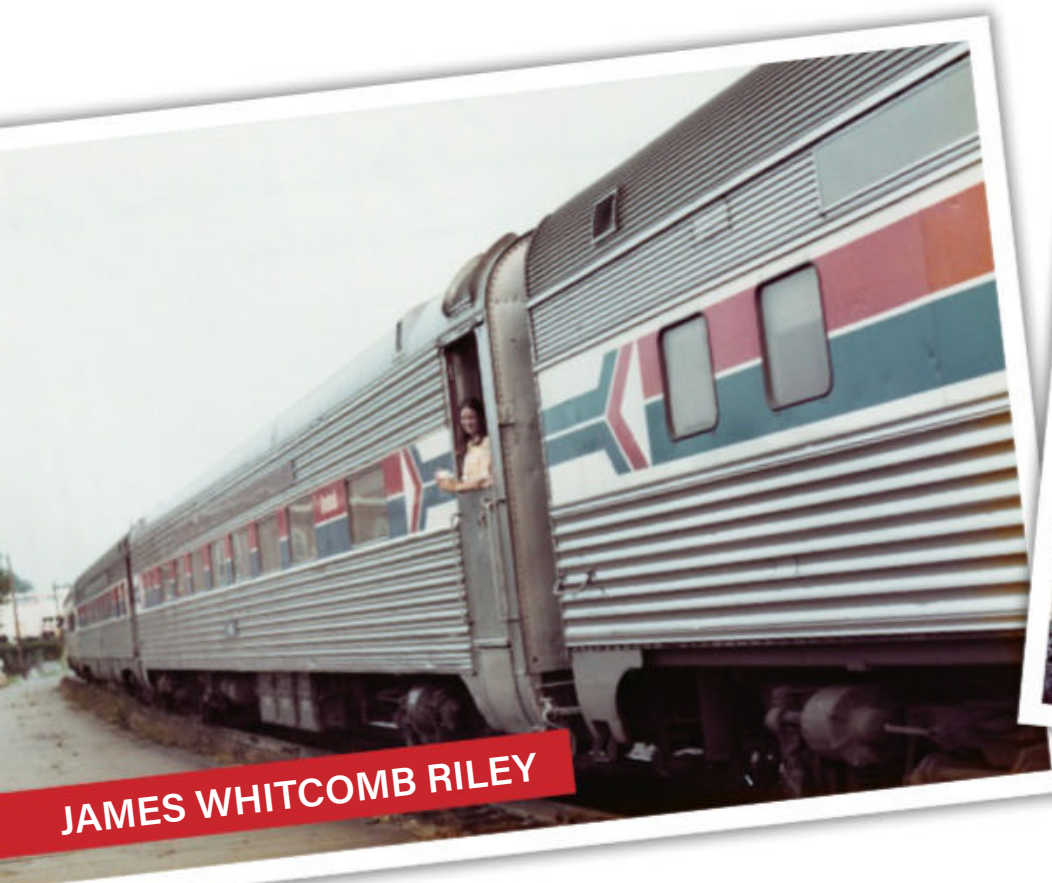
Early evening found the air conditioning failing. An electrician remedied the problem with a screwdriver and a cascade of sparks from the electrical cabinet.

The night passed uneventfully, and I was ready to face the world as we arrived on-time in Washington, D.C., at 6:55

a.m. A friendly crew served breakfast in the rear (*Champion*) dining car as we sailed along the Northeast Corridor behind GG1s 922 and 927, hoping to make our connecting train at Penn Station.

JUNE 17: New York-Washington-Charlottesville

The *Silver Meteor/Champion* arrived in New York 26 minutes late at 11:46 a.m., which left us just 15 minutes until the de-



The seven-car *James Whitcomb Riley*, which Turner rode from Washington, D.C., departs Charlottesville Union Station on June 17. E9s 401 and 408 are on the head end.

parture of the southbound *Colonial* back to Washington. Luck was with us, as that train stood right across the platform, making the connection easy. When Eric and I planned our itinerary, I had held out for the round-trip over the Corridor since I'd never ridden north of Baltimore and wanted to add that to my mileage covered. Amfleet coach 21030, in an eight-car train headed by E60 972, provided a satisfactory ride back to the nation's capital, which we reached at 4:03 p.m.

An hour later we were aboard the *James Whitcomb Riley* bound for Char-

lottesville, Va. Air-conditioning failure made much of the train unbearably hot, causing us to retreat to the vestibule where outside air made the ride tolerable. We alighted at 7:42 p.m., happy to trade the sweatbox train for a comfortable room at the nearby Howard Johnson's opposite the University of Virginia.

JUNE 18-19: Charlottesville-Lynchburg-Chicago

One of the serendipitous decisions of our trip planning came next, a ride on a mixed train — Southern Railway train 5, the *Piedmont* to Lynchburg. No longer

Later on the 18th, after a taxi ride across Lynchburg from the Southern station to N&W's Woodall Road station, Turner caught the four-car *Mountaineer* to Chicago.



Southern Railway's southbound *Piedmont*, with FP7s 6148 and 6143 up front and a loaded piggyback flatcar on the rear, arrives at Charlottesville on June 18.

running through to Atlanta, the *Piedmont* still provided daylight service between Washington and Charlotte, N.C. Departing Charlottesville at 2 p.m. and arriving Lynchburg at 3:20, this offered a chance to ride a train consisting of FP7s 6148 and 6143, a baggage car, a snack-bar coach, full coach, and a piggyback flatcar that would be cut off at Greensboro, N.C.

Southern coach 826 was pleasantly cooled, and we appreciated the friendly conductor who handled our bags as we detrained. Five months later Southern dropped the *Piedmont*, leaving the overnight *Southern Crescent* as the sole train plying the scenic route.



A busy afternoon at Joliet



June 20 at Joliet Union Station: A Rock Island commuter train pauses after its trek from Chicago's La Salle Street Station. Shortly the train will return to the Windy City with F7 676 pushing.

Dome-observation-lounge *Silver Veranda* brings up the rear of the *Abraham Lincoln*, bound for St. Louis via the former GM&O.



A taxi was required to reach the Norfolk & Western station on Woodall Road, where Amtrak's *Mountaineer* rolled in shortly after 6 p.m., 20 minutes late.

The train arrived from Norfolk with ex-CB&Q dome car *Silver Stream* right behind E8 413, and we promptly secured front-row seats to witness the rugged route into West Virginia. As had become a theme thus far, the air conditioning in the dome was on the fritz, but the view required us to tough it out. As darkness enveloped the train, I inquired about

purchasing a roomette, and during the stop in Bluefield the conductor and I visited the station agent to finalize the transaction. For the princely sum of \$19.75 I secured roomette 2 to Cincinnati in another Burlington Route alumnus, 6-section/6-roomette/4-bedroom sleeper *Silver Orchid*. The open sections were closed off by a door marked "crew only."

Overnight, at Catlettsburg, Ky. (a.k.a. "Tri-State Station"), the *Mountaineer* was combined with the *James Whitcomb Riley*, bringing the consist to 10 cars. I

moved back to coach in Cincinnati at 7:45 a.m. after a 10-hour respite in the sleeper.

Former Santa Fe diner-counter-lounge car 8114 offered a hearty breakfast in a setting reflective of the era when lunch counters were staples in drug stores across America.

Continuing on the Chesapeake & Ohio route through central Indiana, we were entertained by the jovial conductor. Our 2:53 p.m. arrival in Chicago was 11 minutes behind schedule.



Rock Island's *Quad City Rocket* crosses the Santa Fe and ex-GM&O diamonds as it arrives in Joliet behind E8 652, painted in a special color scheme for the nation's Bicentennial.

New Amtrak F40 214 and its Amfleet consist contrast with long-serving semaphore signals on June 20. This is the Chicago-St. Louis *State House*.

JUNE 19: Chicago-Joliet

The shortest ride of our trip began at 4:30 p.m. as the *Lone Star* commenced its run down the Santa Fe Railway to Houston. We were aboard for just 38 miles, detraining at Joliet for another overnight stop. Behind SDP40Fs 523 and 532 was a train of nine ex-Santa Fe cars; our single-level coach 4853 was tucked between lounge car *Concho* and Hi-Level step-down chair car 9912.

Arrival in Joliet came at 5:35, and before long we were relaxing at a Holiday

Inn. Given the next segment would be a two-night marathon by coach, this was a well-timed overnight stopover.

JUNE 20: Rush hour at Joliet

Our *Southwest Limited* would depart Joliet at 7:25 p.m. on June 20, enabling us to witness the afternoon rush at Joliet. A Rock Island bi-level commuter train started the parade at 4:48 p.m., followed by Amtrak's St. Louis-bound *Abraham Lincoln* at 5:10; E8 408 and E8B 452 led baggage-coach *Kent County*, 5 coaches,

an ex-Southern Pacific diner-lounge, and dome-observation *Silver Veranda*. Next up was the *Lone Star* for Houston at 5:58, headed by a pair of SDP40Fs with Santa Fe office car *Mountainair* on the rear. The *State House* departed for St. Louis at 6:30 with F40PH 214 pulling a short, modern consist of three Amfleet cars.

Rock Island's westbound *Quad City Rocket* came and went 9 minutes later behind E8 652 painted light blue and lettered INDEPENDENCE in honor of the Bicentennial. The letterboard on one of its coaches still read GOLDEN STATE, for the long-gone Chicago-L.A. streamliner. A westbound Rock Island freight rolled by at 6:45, and the outbound *Peoria Rocket* rounded out the action at 7:18 p.m.

JUNE 20-21-22: Joliet-Los Angeles

With sleeping-car space sold out on the *Southwest Limited*, we found seats across the aisle from one another in Hi-Level chair car 9940, the fourth of the six such cars in the train. These cars were unique to the Santa Fe, and in Amtrak's early years they ran solely on the *Southwest Limited* and the *Lone Star*.

A few years hence Amtrak would base its Superliners on the Hi-Level design with a few modifications. On this, the last evening of spring 1976, darkness descended on the train between Chillicothe and Galesburg.

My attempt at sleep was interrupted at 2:10 a.m. during the 15-minute stop in Kansas City, where sleeper *Pacific Rest* and two baggage cars from New York off the *National Limited* were tacked onto the rear of our train. Two older ladies seated in the row in front of me took this as a cue to start a conversation about their dogs, arthritis, and other topics, and my attempts to quiet them by clearing my throat a few times failed to do the trick.

Frustrated, I picked up my pillow and set out to find a quieter spot. After passing through the lounge and dining cars directly behind my coach, I spotted a pair of empty seats in the front row of chair car 9920. The lights were off, and it was silent; within 5 minutes I was fast asleep.

Overnight I awoke briefly to note stops in Newton and Hutchinson, Kans., but otherwise slept like a baby until 7:40 a.m. when we stopped in Dodge City. When I sat up in my seat, I was stunned to discover the car was packed with Boy Scouts and their leaders en route to the Philmont Scout Camp in New Mexico. I hadn't noticed them sleeping when I'd

SOUTHWEST LIMITED



A rearward view (left) on June 21 near Raton Pass shows the *Southwest Limited's* first-class portion, with sleepers, Pleasure Dome car, and diner. The train was arranged like the Santa Fe's combined *El Capitan* and *Super Chief*, with Hi-Level coaches up front and single-level sleepers behind. East of Pasadena (below), the train rolls down Santa Fe track in the center of the I-210 freeway on June 22.

SOUTHWEST LIMITED



SAN DIEGAN



F40 222 prepares to depart San Diego with a *San Diegan* train for Los Angeles on June 22. The second car is a 1953 ex-Army kitchen car converted to a baggage car.

entered the darkened car. Later in the day I would observe them cleaning up trash in the car and passing a large Amtrak cup around to collect tip money for the coach attendant.

Soon it was time to find Eric, who had been puzzled by my absence, then head to the dining car for breakfast. The view from the upper-level seating somehow seemed superior to that seen from standard dining cars, and the meal was tasty.

The Hi-Level lounge also made a great place to view the scenery in southeastern Colorado. A dining-car waitress passed through making last call to breakfast, followed by an apparently intoxicated man calling out, "First call to breakfast, second call to breakfast, next stop Chicago."

His face was familiar, possibly from television commercials and movie camcos. This would be fitting, as Santa Fe's legendary *Super Chief* had been known as "The train of the stars," since it linked the Hollywood area with Chicago.

Viewed from the open vestibule window, the climb up Raton Pass was amaz-

ing, as the three SDP40Fs roared like a jet airliner on takeoff. Beyond Las Vegas, N.Mex., we clocked the train at 90 mph.

After the Scouts detrained, there were only four passengers left in our coach, and the car attendant treated us like royalty, offering us four or five pillows each and providing superior service. The high desert scenery was outstanding, and the trip was made memorable by one of our two fellow passengers, an older gentleman, who observed, "That'd make a nice picture" every time I raised my camera.

In response, I faked taking a lot of pictures by pointing my camera at the window and making an audible clicking sound. Night fell west of Flagstaff and the open Dutch door window revealed an amazing symphony of stars so brilliant that the Milky Way was plainly visible. That memory remains clear to this day, some 45 years later.

Morning's first light on Tuesday, June 22, revealed the passage over Cajon Pass and into San Bernardino, Calif. After a brief stop in Pomona, the rails ran down

the center of the I-210 freeway before the stop in Pasadena. The *Southwest Limited* reached Los Angeles Union Passenger Terminal 10 minutes early at 8:55 a.m.

JUNE 22: Los Angeles-San Diego

Our layover in L.A. allowed just enough time to explore the stately station before boarding *San Diegan* No. 772, departing at 10:30 a.m. F40 222 led our Amfleet consist as we cruised along scenic Pacific Ocean beaches.

At one point, seemingly disinterested businessmen seated on the train's left side put down their newspapers and, as if on cue, moved to the right side. As the train leaned into a curve the reason became evident: a topless beach appeared right outside the window.

Arrival in San Diego came at 1:03 p.m., and, after stowing our luggage in a locker, we caught a city bus to the San Diego Zoo. The friendly waitress from the *Southwest Limited* and a coworker joined us after hearing us talk up the scenic *San Diegan* route and the famous zoo based



on pre-travel research. Back at the station we retrieved our luggage, waved farewell to our new friends, and headed via local bus for our hotel across the scenic harbor.

JUNE 23: San Diego-Los Angeles-Oakland

The following day came much too early as we caught *San Diegan* 771, consisting of a baggage car and five Amfleet cars, at 7 a.m. On arrival at Los Angeles at 9:35, we found our next train, the *Coast Starlight* directly across the platform. The *Starlight* included 9 coaches, 4 sleepers, and 2 diners among its 18 cars. The route up the Pacific Coast amazed us as the train snaked along cliffs high above the frothy surf.

We reached our destination, Oakland, at 8:15 p.m. and found a long line of detraining passengers stretching through three coaches. Having observed the process of opening the vestibule trap and letting down the stairs many times, I



The *Coast Starlight*, the 10th train of the 9,400-mile odyssey, hugs the Pacific Ocean between Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo on SP's Coast Line. The 18-car consist included 9 coaches, 4 sleepers, 2 diners, and a lounge.

finally did just that, saving several minutes and much aggravation. After rides on a city bus, Bay Area Rapid Transit, and a taxi we finally hunkered down at our hotel in Richmond.

Suffice it to say this was not very well thought out, but at least we survived a rather disconcerting trek through some sketchy neighborhoods.

JUNE 24-25: Oakland-Ogden

The ninth day of our trip saw us begin our eastward journey aboard the *San Francisco Zephyr*. The *California Zephyr* name had been dropped in deference to the train's routing via the SP line over Donner Pass and the Union Pacific across Wyoming rather than the traditional CZ route over the Western Pacific and Denver & Rio Grande Western.

The SFZ eased out of Oakland's 16th Street Station at 10:55 a.m. and an hour later crossed the massive bridge over Carquinez Strait. Ships from the Navy's mothballed World War II Pacific Fleet made an impressive sight anchored side-by-side in Suisun Bay. A visit to the mid-train tavern-observation car evoked memories of trips aboard the Seaboard Coast Line's *Silver Star* during my high

school years as the car, No. 3334, had been part of the SCL fleet.

The climb up Donner Pass was impressive as we somehow managed to enjoy an open Dutch door for the entire run over the pass. The sight of a wide-open baggage car door a few cars forward competed with the scenery for our attention as we mused about whether baggage might fall out as the train traversed the twisting line. A set of ex-SP articulated coaches was dropped at Sparks, Nev., where I moved into sleeper *Pacific View* for the nocturnal segment to Ogden, Utah. Roomette 5 had been available for the day-of-travel upgrade before we left Oakland, and I snagged it for a mere \$20.50.

JUNE 25: Ogden-Salt Lake City-Denver

Ogden came 15 minutes early at 4:40 a.m. When I met up with Eric on the station platform, I learned that, in my rush

As night fell the little streamliner made its way down the Front Range via Big Ten Curve. The appearance was like that from a jetliner on its final approach.

to get dressed, I had missed SP's famous causeway over the Great Salt Lake. A scheduled limousine connection transported us to Salt Lake City to catch the *Rio Grande Zephyr*, a true descendant of the *California Zephyr* composed of several former CZ cars. Pulled by its customary A-B-B set of F9s, the six-car train was a won-

derful sight with three dome cars in its consist.

The RGZ eased out of Salt Lake on-time at 7 a.m. and charted a southerly course to its first stop, Provo. As we enjoyed a hearty breakfast in dining car *Silver Banquet*, we found the climb up Soldier Summit a sight to behold yet a bit disappointing, as I had expected lush

SDP40Fs 553 and 555 lift the *Coast Starlight* over Santa Margarita Pass north of San Luis Obispo. It's June 23, 1976 — near the end of the brief heyday of the boxy, heavy-footed EMDs.

COAST STARLIGHT



Rocky Mountain splendor rather than desert-like scenery.

Back in dome-observation car *Silver Sky*, we observed the barren Utah vistas giving way to the majestic Colorado Rockies with a lunch break and some vestibule-riding providing intermittent breaks from our dome perch. The red rock walls of Glenwood, Red, Gore, and Byers canyons looked to me like a Martian landscape with a few scrubby bushes.

As night fell the little streamliner made its way down the Front Range via Big Ten Curve. The lights of Denver far below kept alternating from the train's left side to its right. The appearance was like that from a jetliner on its final approach. We landed in Denver 10 minutes behind our scheduled 9 p.m. arrival.

We'd booked two nights at a Ramada Inn on East Colfax Avenue, which would allow me time for a Gray Line tour of the Air Force Academy, Pikes Peak, and other sights around Colorado Springs on June 26. The journey to the top of Pikes Peak by bus was especially memorable on the winding dirt road without guardrails.

While I was seeing the sights, Eric rode the SFZ to Cheyenne and back using his USA Rail Pass.

JUNE 27-28: Denver-Chicago-Ann Arbor

Day 12 allowed several hours for sight-seeing in downtown Denver before a 6:35 p.m. departure aboard the *San Francisco Zephyr* to Chicago. We climbed aboard ex-NP Slumbercoach *Loch Tay*, added to the SFZ at Denver; I occupied single room 4 while Eric was down the hall.

Dome-observation-sleeper *Silver Solarium*, a signature car on the original *California Zephyr*, was conveniently located right behind our Slumbercoach. There was no way to know that 23 years later I would ride the same car on a private-car special down the Florida East Coast Railway.

Overnight I noted we were just a few minutes late at Omaha, but by Galesburg, Ill., we had dropped further behind schedule, leading to a 1-hour 45-minute late arrival in Chicago at 3:20 p.m. This left us a 40-minute connection to the *St. Clair*, an F40-powered Amfleet train to Detroit. We detrained short of the Motor City just before 10 p.m. for a night at the Holiday Inn in Ann Arbor.

JUNE 29: Ann Arbor-Chicago

The next day found us retracing our route back to Chicago, though in an interesting way. Train 353 used French-built Turboliner train set RTG-5, and we were seated in coach 88, the next-to-last car. Soon the conductor spotted me as a rail-fan and extended an invitation to sit in the cab of the rear power car.

The view receding behind the train was amazing, and I felt special to have this opportunity. Our 4 p.m. arrival in the Windy City was right on the money, leaving us a 5-hour wait for our final train.

JUNE 29-JULY 1: Chicago-Thomasville

The southbound *Floridian* eased out of a nearly deserted Chicago Union Station at 9 p.m. Space in sleepers *Elberton* and *Mobile River* was sold out, so we would spend the final overnight of our trip aboard dome coach 9453, formerly CB&Q's *Silver Ranch*.

The nocturnal journey over the former Monon took us through Lafayette and Bloomington, Ind. We backed into Louisville Union Station at 7:55 a.m.

SAN FRANCISCO ZEPHYR

SAN FRANCISCO ZEPHYR

RIO GRANDE ZEPHYR

After a night in Oakland, Turner and the friend he traveled with enjoyed the *San Francisco Zephyr*'s breathtaking passage over Donner Pass from a vestibule Dutch door.

Turner's college pal Eric Harms stands beside the *Rio Grande Zephyr*'s F9s in Salt Lake City on June 25. D&RGW was the last of the three major holdouts to join Amtrak, doing so in 1983.



Turner sits down for breakfast (above left) in *Rio Grande Zephyr* dining car *Silver Banquet*, built, like most of the *RGZ*'s cars, for the 1949 *California Zephyr*. Eric A. Harms photo



Later in the day (above), the streamliner runs alongside the Colorado River through Glenwood Canyon, where EMD's general manager conceived of the dome car in 1944.

The eastbound *San Francisco Zephyr* carries three dome cars — two standard ones and a full dome — as it rides the Burlington Northern through western Illinois en route to Chicago on June 28.

During the last week of college my friend Becky told me that the railroad tracks ran right behind her family farm south of Nashville, and said that she would wave as we passed by. When asked how I would know where that was, I was basically told, "Watch for the dirt road after passing three cows in the pasture."

Knowing this might not work out too well from a speeding train, I collected a few small pieces of ballast from the tracks during our half-hour stop in Nashville. I forced these into the enlarged opening of a soda can and affixed a note to the outside with a rubber band.

The note instructed the finder, "Please contact Becky Boggs of XYZ Street in Franklin, TN and tell her that her friend

Jack threw this from the train."

As the big moment arrived, there were three passengers in the vestibule to observe my effort. Mile after mile rolled by with no sign of Becky. Then, as we finally crossed a dirt road, I threw the can like a quarterback spiking a football and it stuck in the dirt some distance from the track. The ballast had worked!

Three hours later, the *Floridian* was stopped by a stuck drawbridge near Decatur, Ala. After half an hour the balky bridge was repaired and we continued southward, meeting our northbound counterpart near the south bank of the Tennessee River.

Dinner in diner 8005, an SCL veteran, came as we travelled along the Louisville & Nashville between Birmingham and Montgomery, where we joined SCL rails. After passing through Troy and stopping at Dothan, we overheard another fellow passenger claim to have seen a UFO. We

concluded they must have been confused by the lights from the train's other dome car, which was two cars ahead of us. You know what they say about swamp gas causing strange lights and such.

Our trip ended in Thomasville, Ga., at 12:10 a.m. on Day 16 of the trip. By using the *Floridian*, we had squeezed two extra days (well, one day and 10 minutes) out of our passes.

There was some sort of symmetry in ending in Thomasville, where I had purchased our passes. For some now-forgotten reason, I planned a stop in Tallahassee, where I'd lived during college, rather than staying on the train all the way home to Miami. Instead, I flew home on Eastern Air Lines a couple of days later.

A week after the trip a letter arrived from Becky stating that a lady and her child were walking down a dirt path a couple of miles from her house when they found a soda can with a note addressed to her. The woman had called her and read my message.

1976–2021: 45 years of change

Reflecting on this trip calls to mind the many things that have changed over four-plus decades. The *Mountaineer*, *Lone Star*, and *Floridian* disappeared from the Amtrak timetable long ago. The



French Turboliner-equipped train 353 from Detroit, the next-to-last train of Turner and Harms' trip, whines into Ann Arbor beside open auto-racks on June 29.

Southwest Limited has become the *Southwest Chief*, and the *California Zephyr* rolls again using its traditional route over former Rio Grande rails (but not Western Pacific's). Privately run trains such as Southern's *Piedmont*, the *Rio Grande Zephyr*, and the Rock Island trains vanished into railroad lore. The SAL route between Jacksonville and Savannah has been mostly abandoned, and the *Southwest Chief* now operates via Aurora, Ill; Topeka, Kans.; and Fullerton, Calif.

Apart from the Amfleet cars, Amtrak's equipment has completely changed. The French Turboliners were retired in 1981,

and Heritage Fleet cars were replaced by Superliners, Viewliners, and Horizon cars. The venerable E and F units and even the SDP40Fs — prevalent on our trains of 1976 — faded away long ago, though a few F40s — new at the time — soldier on as cab cars on bidirectional trains. Handwritten tickets gave way to electronic ticketing, and personal communication has been revolutionized by cell phones.

Most of the great stations we frequented are still in use (some busier than ever), with only the Miami, Joliet, and Oakland fully replaced. Many of the railroads we traveled upon have merged into a handful of giant systems. The connections we made in New York and Ogden would be too risky to attempt in the current era of

SDP40Fs 641 and 549 curve through central Tennessee with the 11-car *Floridian* on June 30. Turner's epic "Amtrip" ended when he derailed at Thomasville, Ga., at 12:10 a.m. July 1.



The conductor's invitation to ride in train 353's rear Turboliner cab enabled Turner to get this shot of the eastbound *Lake Shore Limited* in northwest Indiana.

late trains. But in 1976 they worked.

I've been asked whether I would do anything differently if I could go back in time. I would love to have ridden the *North Coast Hiawatha* and the *National Limited*, but that would have caused me to miss the *Mountaineer*, *Piedmont*, *Rio Grande Zephyr*, and *Floridian*, all of which would have been a big loss. Put simply, "Amtrip 1976" was just about right. 📷

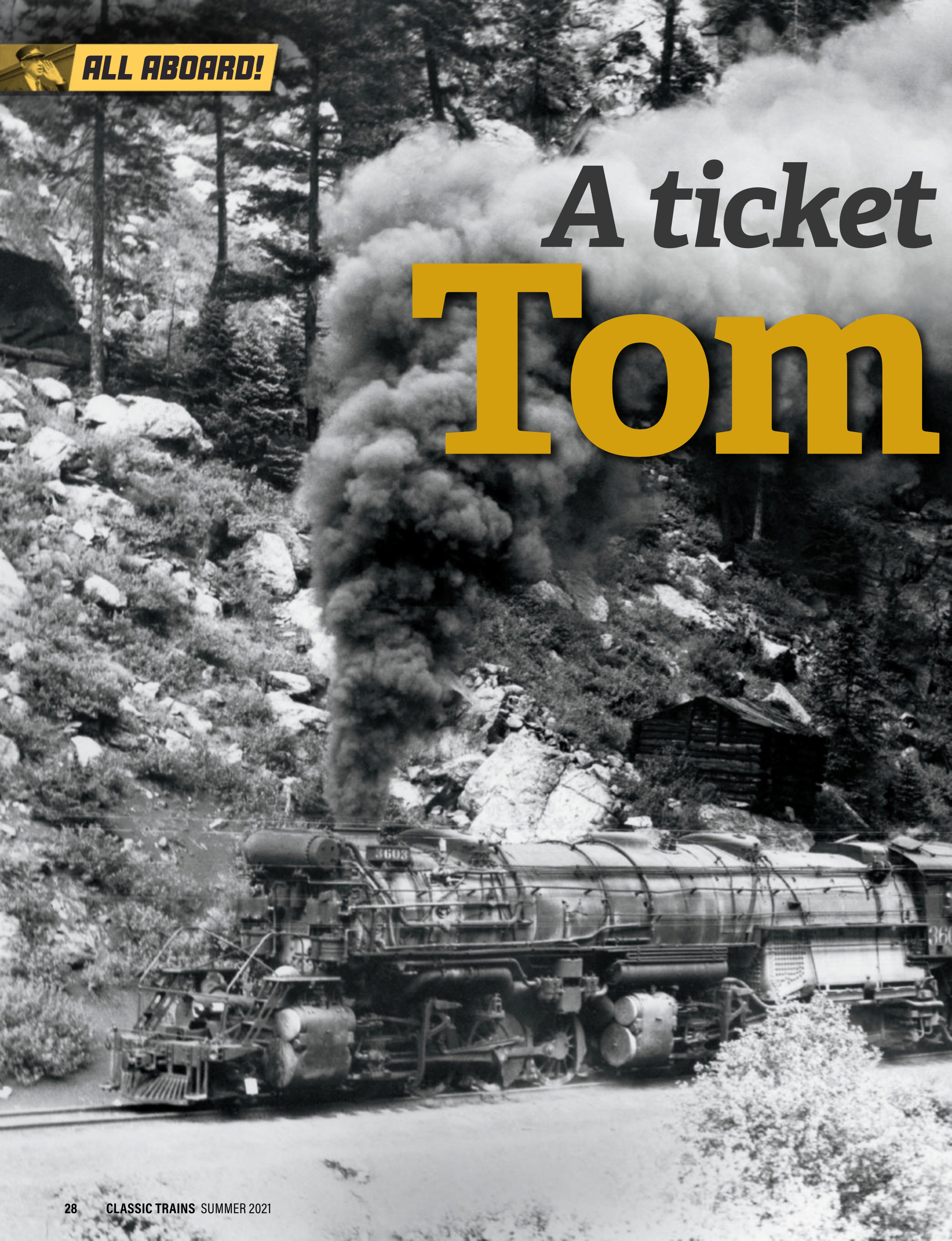
JACK TURNER has traversed every mile of the current Amtrak and VIA Rail Canada networks, plus many discontinued routes. He has authored several articles for Passenger Train Journal, Rail Travel News, TrainWeb, and Rail News. This is Jack's second CLASSIC TRAINS byline.





ALL ABOARD!

A ticket **Tom**



from ahawk

A 14-YEAR-OLD'S 1947 TRIP FROM ALBERTA TO TEXAS INVOLVED FIVE TRAINS, PLUS A GREYHOUND BUS, A DC-3, AND A HORSE-DRAWN TRUCK

BY ARTHUR L. HAMILTON

Winding through the Eagle River Canyon west of Redcliff, Colo., Rio Grande 2-8-8-2 3603 helps a 4-8-4 train 2, the *Scenic Limited*, in 1939. Eight years later, author Hamilton passed this way on a similar train.

R. H. Kindig



A TICKET TO TOMAHAWK was the title of a pretty good movie made in 1950, starring Rio Grande Southern 4-6-0 No. 20, now preserved at the Colorado Railroad Museum (also actor Dan Dailey, with Marilyn Monroe in a bit part). The plot of the Western featured the necessity of getting the first railroad passenger into a town called Tomahawk in time to meet a land grant deadline, with several miles of track missing.

However, a few years earlier, in August 1947, my dad, kid brother Mike, and I were faced with getting a ticket *out* of Tomahawk — Tomahawk, Alberta, that is. That's a little bitty town southwest of Wabamun Lake, a little shy of Drayton Valley, about 60 miles west of Edmonton. We kids had to get back to school — in Dallas, Texas! And after dropping us off at Mom's (they were divorced), Dad had to get back to work — in New York City!

Mom had just been transferred from Amarillo and promoted to chief dietitian in the Dallas Veterans' Administration hospital. With the extra money she decided to re-establish a home for us boys, rather than farming us out. (I'd been in a military academy in Minnesota, and my brother had lived with an aunt and uncle in Chicago, with both of us spending summers with the grandmothers in Alberta.)

In those days long trips like this normally meant train travel, as the highways, especially in Canada, were poor. In 1946, we'd driven up from Chicago, and the pavement quit at Brandon, Manitoba. Hundreds of miles of gravel road did Uncle Leon's poor old pre-war Plymouth in just as we entered Saskatoon, well shy of our destination of Lloydminster on the Saskatchewan-Alberta border.

In June 1947 we two boys, ages 10 and

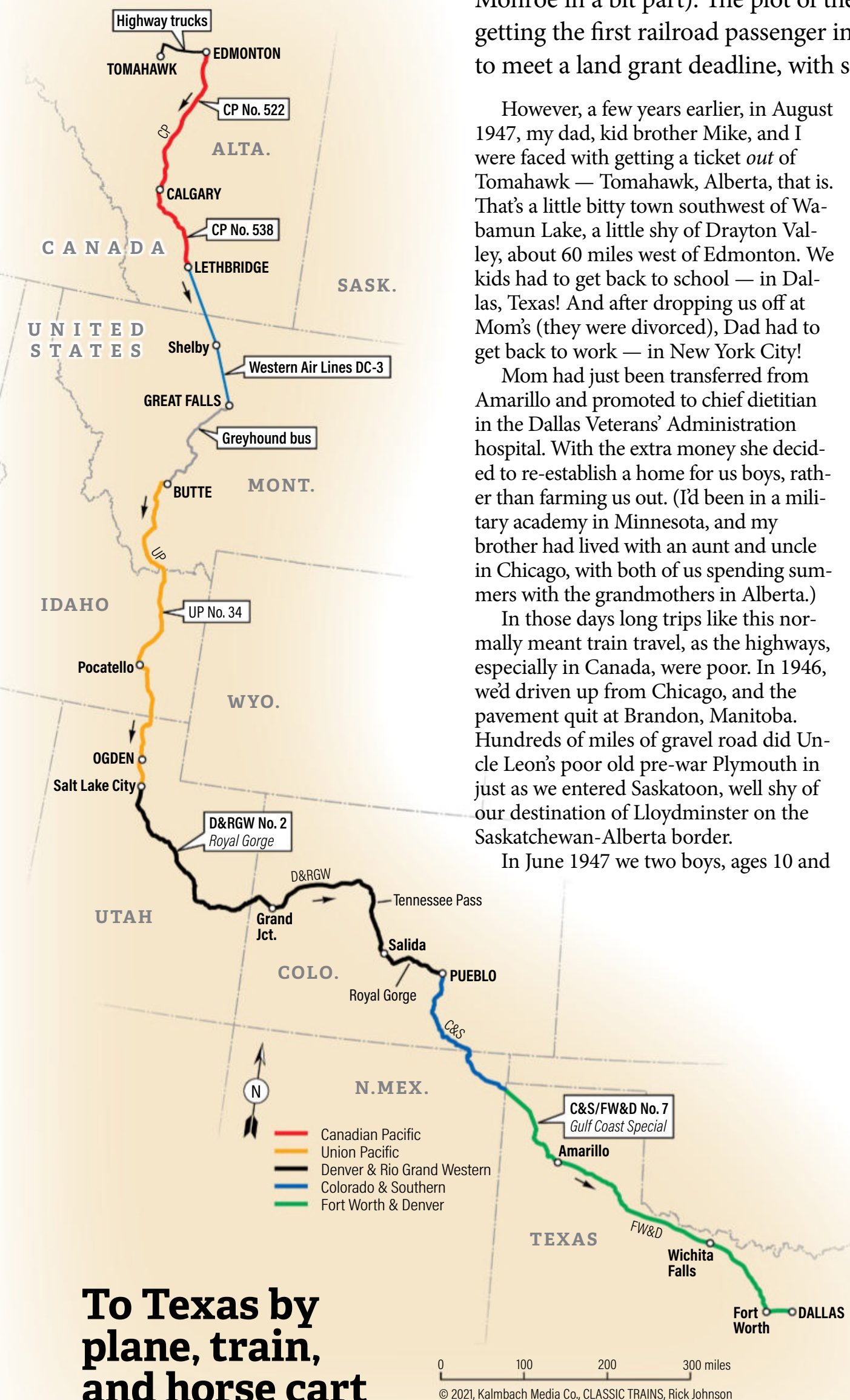
14, were able to take the train by ourselves from Chicago to Lloydminster, as that grandma lived right in town. However, out West, east-west train travel has always been easier than north-south, and our dad had come out to collect us, take us 200 miles west to the other grandma (she and her husband lived out on a farm, with no car), and, after a visit with them, get us south to Dallas.

GETTING OUT OF TOMAHAWK

Our departure for points south was delayed several days by bad weather; rainstorms turned the road past Grandma's house into a quagmire. Grandpa Sig regretted having sold his ox cart some years earlier; he'd always been able to get out with that, whereas the horses and wagon couldn't make it through the mud. It was only 2 miles out to the gravel road, but we didn't feel like hiking it with suitcases. Finally, over the hand-crank farmer's phone, we got word that a neighbor up the road was going to try to get the milk and cream out the next day. We packed, and at the appropriate time the next morning went down the hill through the pigsty (it was less muddy than the driveway), and waited.

Eventually the neighbor's two-axle stakebed truck showed up, with a team of draft horses hitched to the front bumper! We had to ride in back, out in the drizzle, as the cab was already full. The front third of the stakebed body had been fenced off for a shipment of lambs, but we found seats on some milk cans and hung on. The date was August 26, 1947.

We did pretty well at first, covering the first mile in only 30 minutes. But then we stalled on a steep hill and had to wait an hour in the rain while they went and got a second team of horses harnessed up. Two hours after getting on the truck, and three hours after leaving the house, we made it out to the junction with the main road a mile north of Tomahawk. They unhitched the horses, started the truck's engine, and





Union Pacific 7028, a 4-8-2 like the one that handled Hamilton's train out of Butte, Mont., hustles train 44 along the Overland Route at Uintah, Utah, in October 1946. Robert F. Collins, Louis A. Marre collection

we sped off north to Seba Beach.

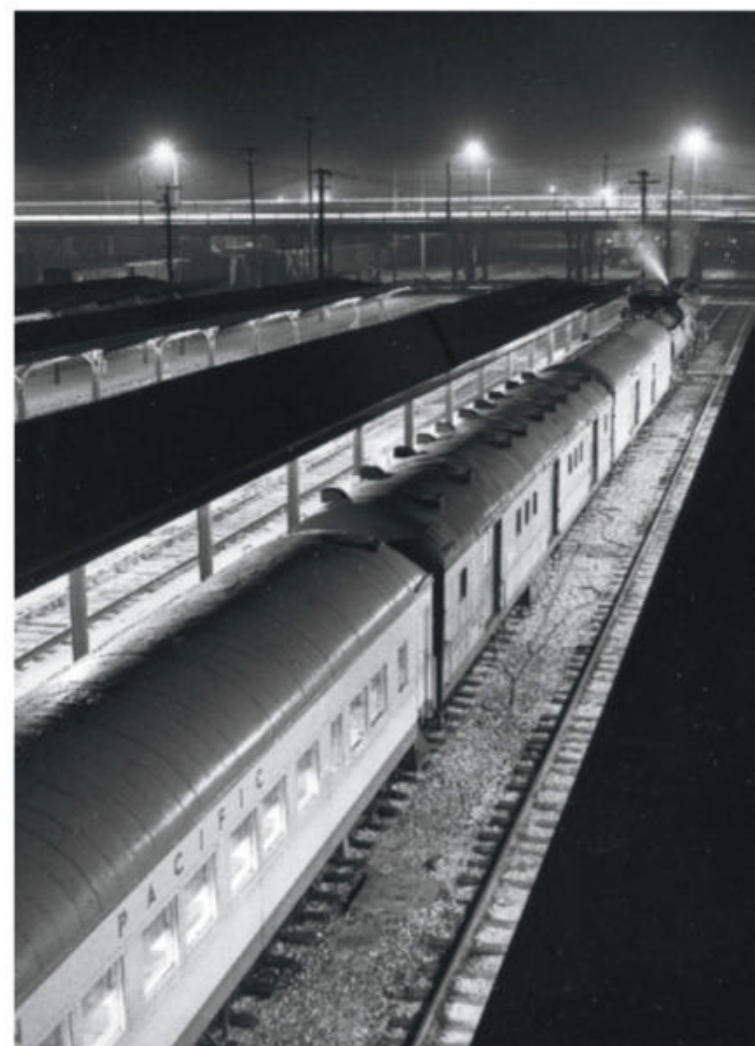
The truck was going on into Edmonton but the guys were afraid they'd get a ticket if we rode outside on the Jasper-Edmonton highway, so we had to hitchhike from there. What? No trains? Not yet; the Canadian National missed Seba Beach by some miles, and didn't slow down as it missed. The highway from Jasper did go through town, however, and eventually a panel truck stopped for us bedraggled travelers. (Hitchhiking in the rain is no fun!) We roared on into Edmonton at 35 mph with the driver and his buddy ejecting empty beer cans every so often, while we cowered in the back.

They dropped us off at the west edge of the city and we took a cab to the Canadian Pacific depot downtown. Our itinerary was complex, and made more so by my desire to see the world's largest steam locomotives, the Big Boys, en route. I'd been given a children's book which stated that the Big Boys were pulling eastbounds out of Ogden, Utah. The Edmonton agent wanted to route us via Billings, Mont., meaning we wouldn't get near Ogden. Either way we'd have to wait a full day in Lethbridge, Alberta, for the three-a-week

mixed train to Coutts, Alta./Sweetgrass, Mont. Mom, my brother, and I had ridden the mixed back in 1944, and it took 6 hours to cover 66 miles. Since school had already started in Dallas, that wasn't an option. So, after taking CP trains from Edmonton to Lethbridge, we'd fly from Lethbridge to Great Falls, Mont., then take a bus to Butte, Mont. Dad bought tickets only as far as Lethbridge.

Our train to Calgary, CP No. 522, didn't leave until midnight, so we took the trolley across the High Level Bridge to Aunt Luella's place near the university to clean up. (Nowadays I'm a motorman on the historic trolley that crosses that bridge — 170 feet high, 2,500 feet long! — in the summer.) The day must have been a tiring one, as I don't remember getting on 522 at Edmonton, or changing to CP 538 at Calgary.

The next day, August 27, after our early-afternoon arrival in Lethbridge we took a taxi to the airport and boarded a Western Air Lines DC-3 for Great Falls. For us boys this was our first commercial flight, although Uncle Dewey had taken us up for a spin in an open cockpit bi-plane back about 1939. What with a stop



UP train 6, the *Fast Mail*, awaits departure at Salt Lake City for Ogden. Hamilton rode the Rio Grande east from here. Richard Steinhilmer

Rio Grande's westbound *Royal Gorge* stands at the Pueblo, Colo., station in the early 1950s. Hamilton changed here from the eastbound *Royal Gorge* to a C&S/FW&D train for Dallas. Robert F. Collins



By noon the temperature inside the car must have been 85

for U.S. Customs & Immigration at Shelby, Mont., that little 200-mile trip used up most of Day 2 of our trek. We boarded a Greyhound bus in the evening and spent most of the night heading south from Great Falls to Butte. Midway we passed through Helena, where we boys had lived for a year in 1943–44, but saw nothing familiar. We'd actually been out in housing at the Fort Harrison Veterans Administration hospital west of town and with no car had certainly not explored much.

MORE TRAINS TO RIDE

Next morning we were at the Union Pacific station in Butte, where Dad bought our yard-long tickets to Dallas. We boys took an interest in the catenary used by Milwaukee Road and Butte, Anaconda & Pacific trains.

Our UP train did not have electric motive power, but a big ol' dirty gray 4-8-2. Shortly after our 7 a.m. departure we stopped at Silver Bow to tie on an even bigger, equally sooty helper; I assume it was a 2-8-8-0 because it didn't look "modern" like a Challenger or something. I *hope* it was a 2-8-8-0, as that's the

only time I ever rode behind one. However, I was so tired after the all-night bus ride that I soon fell asleep and slept most of the day as the train made its way through southwest Montana and eastern Idaho. We arrived in Ogden late that evening, and stayed in a downtown hotel.

The next day, August 29, was supposed to be my "Big Boy Day," but I was broken-hearted to learn that the 4-8-8-4s all been reassigned to Sherman Hill out of Cheyenne. There were plenty of Challengers in Ogden, but I'd seen lots of 4-6-6-4s when we lived in Fort Harrison, Mont., three years previously. Eastbound Northern Pacific freights there had Challengers fore and aft, and stopped 20 minutes at Fort Harrison to cool brakes and turn down retainers. I'd visited dozens of Challenger cabs, and even got a brief ride once. However, among the UP 0-6-0s and Southern Pacific 2-8-0s switching at Ogden was an SP 4-8-0, my first spotting of that wheel arrangement.

We left Ogden that evening after dark, on the Rio Grande's *Royal Gorge*. I don't know what the power was for the first leg of the trip (steam, no doubt). But the

next day as we blasted up the 3-percent grade to Tennessee Pass, my brother and I leaned out an open Dutch door in the vestibule of our Pullman to watch a 4-8-4 road engine and 2-8-8-2 helper assault the hill. What a show! I can still see in my mind's eye that spectacle, with the in-board-bearing trailing truck of the helper catching my attention. I'd only seen that feature once before, on a Milwaukee Road 4-6-2 spotted on a local at Owatonna, Minn. That detail was found on D&RGW's 3400-, 3500-, and 3550-series Mallets, but not the more modern 3600s. That was my only ride behind a 2-8-8-2.

The date we crossed Tennessee Pass, over 10,000 feet high, was August 30 — and we went through a snow squall as we leaned out that Dutch door. This was not too surprising to us boys, as the temperature had been in the mid 30s at night up in Tomahawk. As we dropped downhill from the pass, we went through Salida, where I kept a sharp lookout for any narrow gauge locomotives. I didn't know then that the roundhouse was on the north side of the tracks; Dad and Mike saw a few, but all I saw was a bunch of



dual-gauge trackage. I don't remember how I'd learned there was narrow gauge at Salida, but I had.

In mid-afternoon, after passing through the Royal Gorge, we arrived at Pueblo, where we had about 7 hours before our next and final train. Colorado & Southern train 7, the *Gulf Coast Special*, was hardly the *Texas Zephyr*, but it did have some Pullmans and a diner. Next morning we woke up in the northeast corner of New Mexico, and after breakfast in the diner watched the scenery go by. After a while we became convinced the air conditioning in that old heavyweight Pullman had broken down. By noon the temperature inside the car must have been 85 or 90; we hadn't been that hot all summer up in Canada! We got a rude shock, though, when we stepped into the vestibule to cool off — it was like a furnace out there! (The official high in Amarillo that day was 98.)

We went back into the car and looked out at the Texas Panhandle. There was almost nothing in sight beyond the right of way, just a gently rolling sea of yellow grass, with only a fence line way off in the distance. This fence sort of paralleled the track but gently angled toward us as we listlessly watched. After a while we real-

ized with amazement it was a telephone line! We hadn't even gone through any towns! This was our first visit to Texas — what were we boys getting into?

We got another shock when we went up to the diner for lunch. There was now a heavy dark brown curtain drawn across the center of the dining area. The black waiters explained to us that one part of the car was now for whites to eat in, and another for Negroes. As a Yankee, I was shocked, but Dad soon clued me in, pointing out we were going to be living in a segregated city and had better get used to it.

After such an eventful trip, our arrival in Dallas about 11 that night was almost anticlimactic. Dad checked into a hotel, while Mom took us in her 1937 Chevy coupe to her brand-new house out in suburban Lisbon. The school year had already started, and I was going into high school for the first time, with an almost unintelligible (to Texans) Canadian accent. Little did I know that my tragic, all-too-brief love affair with the Texas Electric Railway was about to begin! The line had a head-on crash the following April, and the directors filed for abandonment. I *still* dream at night I'm riding it. But that's another story! ■

or 90; we hadn't been that hot all summer up in Canada!

Fort Worth & Denver train 7, the *Gulf Coast Special*, approaches Quanah, Texas, in October 1948. FW&D, with Colorado & Southern, operated service between Denver and Dallas via Pueblo. Preston George





The SOUTH WIND DOESN'T STOP HERE

A DAY TRIP TO LOUISVILLE
TURNS DICEY FOR A PAIR
OF YOUNG RAILFANS

BY PHIL GOSNEY • Photos by the author

In March 1971, L&N train 8, the northbound *Pan-American*, arrives at Nashville Union Station, where author Gosney and his pal will board with tickets for Louisville. Inset: The *Pan's* train crew poses for a photo at Nashville before departure.



AS AMTRAK WAS ABOUT TO commence operation of intercity passenger trains in 1971, there was little advance knowledge of which routes would be included in the final system. Railfans realized that the number of trains would dwindle drastically, and it became a guessing game as to which trains would survive under the new national carrier.

A buddy and I pondered the Louisville & Nashville route from Cincinnati to New Orleans and surmised it would not make the final cut. We wanted to ride and experience the L&N, just in case this route was eliminated.

So, one morning in March, we were at Nashville Union Station, ready for the 9:10 a.m. departure of northbound train 8, the fabled *Pan-American*, to Louisville.

According to the schedule, we would have just over two hours in the railroad's headquarters city before we returned on No. 9, the southbound *Pan*. Each leg would be four hours, coinciding with lunch in the dining car northbound and dinner southbound.

Unfortunately, on this day the northbound *Pan-American* was running two hours late — meaning it likely would not



arrive at Louisville before our southbound train departed. Train 8 finally appeared at Nashville Union Station with a consist of only four cars, looking a lot like a Southern Railway train, since three of the cars were stainless-steel ones formerly used on the *Crescent* when it was a joint SR-West Point Route-L&N operation. The cars were lettered for L&N but retained their native stainless steel on the baggage

L&N from Louisville to Nashville



car, coach, and diner-lounge. The only car painted L&N blue was the sleeping car *Kentucky River* on the rear.

ALL ABOARD

We had a senior train crew who boarded at Nashville, and they were making their return trip back to their home base of Louisville. You could not have asked for a finer crew. We explained our plight to the conductor and our desire catch southbound No. 9. He shared our concern and did some quick calculating, looking at his watch. He knew the running times and said, "Let's look at the situation in about an hour." Not long after that we took some additional delay meeting a freight train. I thought this would sink us, for sure, with no chance for making it to Louisville in time.

The conductor came by, apologized, and reluctantly said, "I am going to put you boys off at E-town." This was Elizabethtown, Ky., the *Pan's* last stop before Louisville. However, he promised "to radio the conductor" on the southbound *Pan-American* to "look for you boys and carry you back to Nashville." Our trip had been officially truncated some 42

miles short of our Louisville goal.

Pacified with the knowledge that we would be expected by the southbound *Pan-American* crew, we settled in for a three-hour wait at Elizabethtown. At least there was a neat depot with a traditional canopy for us to explore.

The only other passenger train remaining on the line between Nashville and Louisville was the every-other-day *South Wind*, Nos. 15 and 16. Once a glamorous Chicago-Florida streamliner, this train was indicative of the sad shape of passenger service in the years prior to Amtrak. The Penn Central had ceased all through cars to Florida, offering only a connecting service consisting of coaches and a buffet-coach between Chicago and Louisville. The cars to Florida — a coach and a sleeper for Miami, with another coach to St. Petersburg — originated at Louisville.

The *South Wind* no longer ran as a separate train on the L&N; its cars were carried on the *Pan-American* as far as Montgomery, Ala., where L&N handed them off to the Seaboard Coast Line. Our northbound trip on the *Pan-American* was an "off" day for the *South Wind*, but our southbound *Pan* would have the three *South Wind* cars on the rear.

Looking at the slim timetable during our extended layover, I noted that the scheduled times of both the *Pan-American* and *South Wind*, while listed separately, were exactly the same from Louisville south to Montgomery. More perplexing was that the *Pan* showed more station stops along the route; the *South Wind* did not stop at Athens, Ala., Lewisburg, Tenn., Cave City, Ky. — or Elizabethtown. Most alarming of all was that E-town was only a flag stop for the *Pan-American*. This was worrisome, as the ticket agent had gone home at 4 p.m. I envisioned that we would be left in a cloud of dust as the train sped past without stopping.

Darkness came early as the March afternoon turned into evening. Would the engineer see us? A flashlight would have been helpful, but we hadn't counted on having to board at a sleepy flag stop — and what 20-year-old carried a flashlight for an afternoon in Louisville? Naturally, the train was late, adding to our anxiety.

Darkness came early as the afternoon turned to evening. Would the engineer see us? A flashlight would have been helpful, but we had no idea we might need one when we set out.

Finally we heard a melodious Nathan air horn whistling from the north. Did the engineer get the message about us boarding here? Would he stop? An oscillating headlight arced skyward and briefly shone on us, but we still noted the throaty sound of E units working full power. I took out my white handkerchief and waved a downward stop signal. Then came a standard whistle signal for the road crossing near the depot — two longs, a short, and a long — but no letup in the roar of the approaching locomotives. Had the engineer seen my handkerchief? Then, at long last: two short blasts of the horn acknowledging my stop signal.

The two locomotives roared past, still working power. The baggage car and a coach flew past. Despite those two toots from the engineer, I had a hollow, sinking feeling that we would get left behind. Finally I smelled the acrid

aroma of brakes applied heavily. Yet the train was still moving fast and cars continued to blur by. Was this train going to stop in the same county?

At last, the train stopped, with the rear car right in front of us. While I had just begun my railroad career, as a brakeman, I realized I had just witnessed this engineer's talent and experience with an impressive, last-second, "grandstand" station stop. Just for us!

"Get on here, boys", the flagman yelled. We

quickly climbed aboard amid the still-swirling brake smoke, and the train made an expeditious departure from E-town. Between the talented engineer making an impressive stop and the flagman boarding us in less than 30 seconds, little time was lost. This was a classic display of real railroading in the last days of L&N-operated passenger service.

A STREAMLINED SAVIOR

As I stepped into the train, I realized we were in a Seaboard Coast Line *County-series* sleeping car in the *South Wind* portion of the train. We continued forward toward the *Pan-American* section, through two coaches, one still identified as an Atlantic Coast Line car. This car had headrest covers with beach scenes, a far cry from our late-winter evening in Elizabethtown. I was tempted to remain



Pullman *Mobile River* rests at New Orleans in April 1971 with L&N heavyweight dining car 2727, in which Gosney dined the previous month. Stan Burnett

on the train all the way to Florida, but reality set in and I knew that I must detrain at Nashville. As we entered the *Pan-American* portion, all the remaining cars were from the L&N. Next up was L&N sleeping car *Mobile River*, bound for New Orleans.

When the train roared into Elizabethtown I was so overwhelmed that I failed to notice the dining car. So I was quite surprised when, as we walked toward our coach, we found ourselves in 1920s-era heavyweight diner 2727. Many railfans know that the Gulf, Mobile & Ohio used heavyweight cars into the Amtrak era, but who would have imagined a heavyweight diner still in service in an L&N long-distance train on the eve of Amtrak? Even though it was a 36-seat diner, the car was improvised as a diner-lounge. Four tables at the far end of the car had been removed, with the wooden dining chairs turned to serve as the lounge section. We were seated at a table for two and enjoyed a steak dinner, which was exceptional, and lingered at our table long after the meal ended. The diner crew was most gracious, and never asked us to vacate our table.

We considered ourselves most fortunate to be aboard a car almost 50 years old at the time. Needless to say, it was not selected for Amtrak's roster.

The *Pan-American* also did not survive the arrival of Amtrak, but the new



L&N sleeping car *Kentucky River* brings up the markers as the late-running *Pan American* departs Elizabethtown, Ky. Gosney and friend waited here three hours for their train home.

carrier did continue the *South Wind* service, with through cars from Chicago restored, and a new name: *Floridian*. However, it led a star-crossed life and was discontinued in October 1979. There has been no direct Midwest-Florida rail service since that date.

The events of that day in March are cherished memories. Although I never got to Louisville on that trip, I will always recall fondly riding the Louisville & Nashville and having a great passenger

train stop for us in its final weeks of service before Amtrak's takeover. ■

PHIL GOSNEY has had a lifelong interest in passenger trains. He joined the Milwaukee Road in Chicago in 1969 as a trainman, moving to Burlington Northern and entering engine service in 1974 with Santa Fe in northern California. He stayed with Amtrak in 1986 when it took over railroad crews, retiring in 2018. This is his second CLASSIC TRAINS byline.

Getting there was fun, indeed!

BY RICHARD J. ANDERSON

BOLD LETTERING ON THE TICKET ENVELOPE informed Chicago, Burlington & Quincy travelers that “Getting There Is Fun . . . VIA BURLINGTON.” But this cheerful forecast of good times aboard shiny *Zephyrs* and other trains had not been seen by anyone for a long time. It had been tucked away between the pages of the book that lay open on my lap.

It was a typical winter afternoon in Maine. Through a window I could see snow falling from a darkened sky. This kind of weather might put a damper on some activities. For me it was an ideal time for thumbing through some of the volumes on my shelf of railroad books. John A. Droegge’s *Passenger Terminals and Trains* had gathered some dust. But when I opened it, out fell the red envelope containing ticket receipts for a 1965 rail journey. I began to remember.

I was living in Dubuque, Iowa. I had been invited to attend a conference in Washington, D.C. Travel expenses would be reimbursed up to the amount of a coach-class airline ticket. A little time with the *Official Guide* produced a Dubuque–Washington round trip that included trains I had never ridden plus some new mileage for my rail-travel map.

I sent my plan to DePorter-Butterworth Tours in Moline, Ill., a rail-friendly travel agency. The firm owned a former Pennsylvania Railroad observation car built by Pullman-Standard for the 1938 *Spirit of St. Louis*. Now painted bright blue, the car had its new name, *The Reveler*, inscribed in a jaunty gold script below the windows. I had enjoyed a few railfan trips aboard *The Reveler* and continued to be a DePorter-Butterworth customer for as long as I lived in Iowa.

A Burlington *Zephyr* from East Dubuque, Ill., would put me into Chicago

Union Station in time to board Pennsylvania train 48, the *General*. That was a New York train, but my sleeper would be switched to PRR train 574, the Buffalo–Washington *Southern Express*, at Harrisburg Pa.

The Baltimore & Ohio was another Chicago–Washington option, but I’d ridden the *Capitol Limited* more than once. New routings were more interesting.

Following the conference, my trip home would begin aboard 574’s counterpart, the *Northern Express*. This trek up through Pennsylvania and into New York would be on trackage I had never ridden.

After a weekend visit with friends in Buffalo, New York Central train 27, the *New England States*, would get me to Chicago’s La Salle Street Station. The Burlington would then transport me from Union Station home to Dubuque.

DePorter-Butterworth called with some good news. My first-class rail trip



with parlor car seats and sleeping accommodations would cost only a little more than the air coach fare.

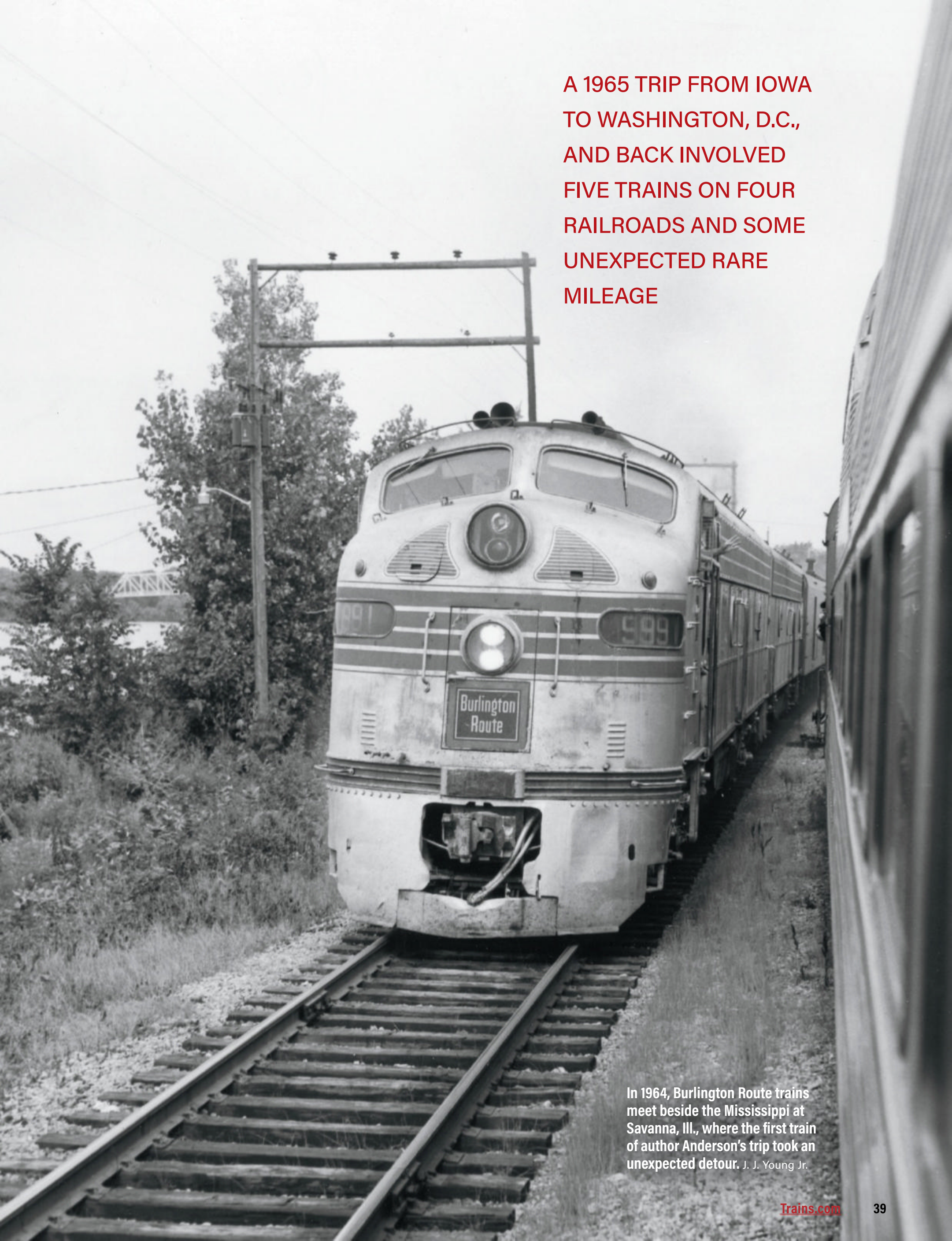
The travel agent obtained my tickets from the CB&Q agent in Davenport, Iowa, but the initials DRI&NW identified the selling agency.

The Davenport, Rock Island & North Western was chartered in 1884 to bridge the Mississippi. An additional 40 miles of track north along the river provided a connection with the Chicago & North Western in Clinton.

In 1901 the Burlington and the Milwaukee Road began operating the DRI&NW as a subsidiary. Both railroads began using the then-new Davenport Union Station in 1924.

Forty-one years later, the two roads no longer ran passenger trains to Davenport, but CB&Q offered service to Savanna on a local company’s buses. So, a CB&Q passenger agent was still on duty when De-

A 1965 TRIP FROM IOWA
TO WASHINGTON, D.C.,
AND BACK INVOLVED
FIVE TRAINS ON FOUR
RAILROADS AND SOME
UNEXPECTED RARE
MILEAGE



In 1964, Burlington Route trains meet beside the Mississippi at Savanna, Ill., where the first train of author Anderson's trip took an unexpected detour. J. J. Young Jr.



Chicago Union Station, newest and busiest of the Windy City's terminals, bustles with activity in the 1940s. Burlington, Pennsy, GM&O, and Milwaukee trains called here. Milwaukee Road



By contrast, B&O's old Grand Central Station, where Anderson boarded the *Capitol Limited*, was quiet and homey. This view is from July 1968, the year before it closed. Philip A. Weibler

Porter-Butterworth obtained that bright red envelope and its contents for my 1965 trip. Union Station was a DRI&NW facility, hence the initials on my tickets.

MORNING ZEPHYR TO CHICAGO

Sunday, November 7, was gloomy. The silver cars of Burlington train 22, the *Morning Zephyr*, glided to an on-time arrival under clouds hanging low over East Dubuque. But the dreariness was all in the weather as far as I was concerned. A smiling attendant took my suitcase and welcomed me into the dome-topped parlor car over which he presided. A trio of E8s up ahead smoothly accelerated. I was on my way!

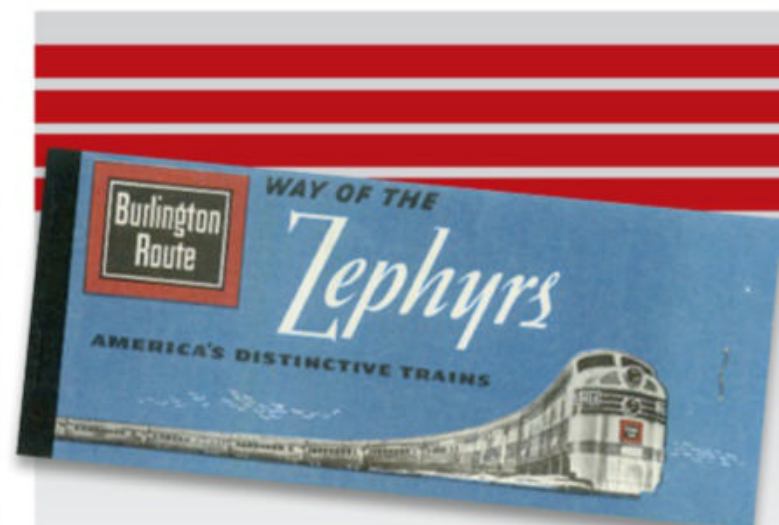
Travel is sometimes a routine venture, with everything working out according to plan. However, it didn't take me long to find out that this trip would include some surprises.

The *Zephyr's* conductor looked exactly as I expected he would: dark blue suit with vest, plain maroon tie, polished cap visor. But what he said was not what I expected to hear. Our arrival in Chicago would be delayed, he said. Problems had developed east of Savanna, and we would be making a detour.

"I see you're going east on the Pennsylvania," the conductor said, holding that bright red ticket envelope. "We might not make that connection. Let me keep your tickets. I'll call in from Savanna to see what we can do for you."

"Are we going to go through Denrock?" I asked. There was a hint of surprise in the conductor's smile as he nodded. I smiled back. *Well*, I thought, *that will be a treat for sure*. Riding a *Zephyr* on the freight-only line through Denrock, Tampico, and Walnut would be interesting. I was mentally marking this new mileage on my map.

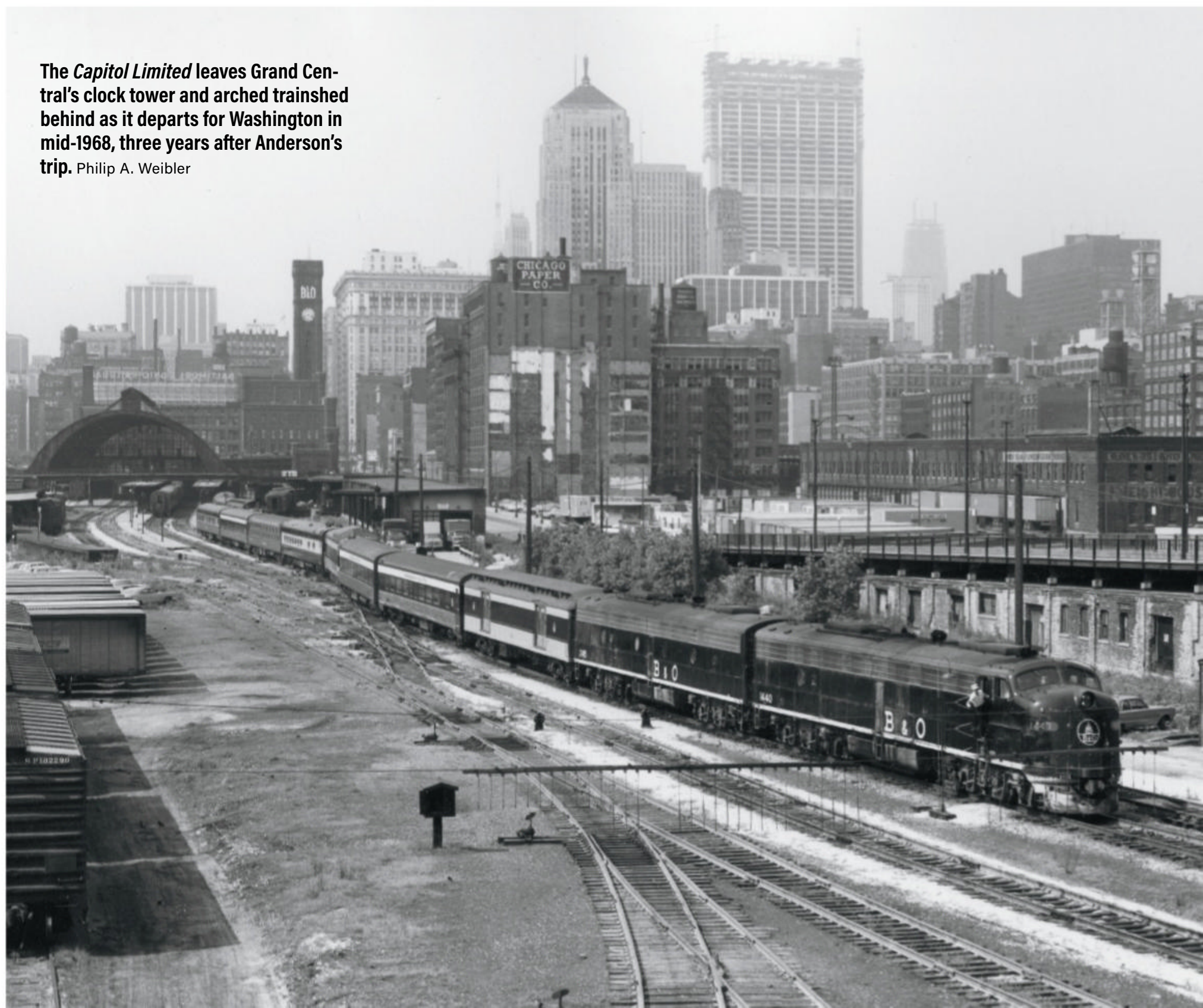
The conductor moved on through the



The cover of Anderson's ticket packet was unmistakably CB&Q. Richard J. Anderson coll.



**CB&Q and B&O east;
PRR, NYC, and CB&Q west**



The *Capitol Limited* leaves Grand Central's clock tower and arched trainshed behind as it departs for Washington in mid-1968, three years after Anderson's trip. Philip A. Weibler



Anderson got his first up-close look at a GG1 electric at Washington Union Station. Here PRR 4919 departs for New York with the *Representative* in November 1967. William D. Middleton

car. I chose another seat that would let me observe our move from the main line onto the detour route. The junction was just south of the Savanna station.

A tasty lunch was on the dining car table in front of me as the *Zephyr* rounded the wye in front of the frame depot at Denrock. In less than two years I would be seeing this same oxide-red building from a gondola at the end of the last Burlington fan trip behind Mikado 4960.

Back in the parlor car, I watched as the *Zephyr* moved onto the Chicago–Denver main line at Mendota. Our speed increased at once. In less than an hour we were leaving Aurora, back on our usual route. The conductor approached again.

“I checked again at Aurora. I think we’ve got you fixed up.” He told me we would just miss my connection with the *General*. “We tried to get them to hold for you, but no go. So you have a roomette on the Baltimore & Ohio out of Grand Central Station at 4:30. The *Capitol Limited*. It will get you into Washington about the same time tomorrow.” I thanked him for what I called “another example of wonderful Burlington service” that would have pleased president Harry Murphy.

The taxi ride between the two Chicago stations took less than 10 minutes. But it was a journey from one era to another. Union Station was — and still is — a massive example of what I call the government-building style of architecture. Older Grand Central was cathedral-like, dominated by a tall tower and Roman arches. Union was busy and noisy. Grand Central was quiet and homey. The older terminal’s high-arched trainshed had been smudged by 40 years of locomotive smoke before the first tickets were sold at Union Station in 1925.

My taxi stopped under an ornate portico. The B&O’s finest train was waiting just a few feet away. The best taxi-to-train transfer in Chicago was at Grand Central. I did not even enter the station but simply toted my suitcase through a massive iron gate to the blue-and-silver cars of train 6. My roomette was one of 10 in a Pullman-Standard sleeper.

CAPITOL LIMITED TO D.C.

I was seated in the square-ended observation-lounge car before we began our 768-mile journey to Washington. B&O trains left Chicago by a roundabout route. Our eastbound train headed west for more than a mile before turning south. We were parallel to tracks of the Pennsy’s Panhandle line through the west side of Chicago for about 9 miles. Rounding a



The trip’s Washington–Buffalo leg included a nocturnal stop at PRR’s Harrisburg, Pa., station. This is train 645, about to leave for Hagerstown, Md., in February 1962. J. E. Bradley

curve, we were finally headed east.

A wholesale hardware buyer was seated across from me. He would arrive home in Akron just before midnight. His frequent trips to the Windy City were westbound in a sleeper aboard the *Chicago Express*, returning on the *Capitol*. He said we were lucky to have the lounge car at the end of the train. "On weekdays they usually put it next to the diner. No rear window view when they do that. I like this better."

The car attendant interrupted our conversation. "We'll be in the state of Indiana in a few minutes. No alcoholic beverages are sold on Sundays. Better double up on your drinks if you like." The cheerful reminder caused an increase in bar business. Through the wide windows I saw the words ROCK ISLAND on a black girder span we had ducked beneath.

It was growing dark outside. I walked ahead toward the twin-unit diner that had once worn the two-tone gray of the New York Central. The steward seated me in one of the smaller triangular booths lining one side of the car. It was a better choice for window viewing than the four-place tables across the aisle.

The service was excellent, and my steak was broiled to perfection.

I slept well in my roomette, and didn't even awaken during the switching moves at Willard, Ohio, that added sleepers and coaches from Detroit to our train.

A breakfast of pancakes and bacon was mine to enjoy the next morning. The passing scenery was a picture of winter. I was finishing a cup of coffee in the lounge car as the *Capitol* headed slowly around the wye outside Washington Union Station. A reverse move through a maze of switches put us into one of the stub-end upper-level tracks.

The *Capitol Limited* and I were about to go our separate ways. The train would continue to Baltimore, and I would taxi to the Holiday Inn on Wisconsin Avenue.

As I walked along the platform toward the station, a GG1 was arriving nearby with a typical Tuscan red PRR train. It might have been 548, the *Southern Express*, with cars from the *General* that I had missed in Chicago. While I had hoped for a ride on the Pennsylvania, I was not disappointed. Who could be disappointed after the fine trip on the fine B&O train I had just enjoyed?

NORTHERN EXPRESS TO BUFFALO

On Friday, November 12, I was looking forward to boarding PRR 575, the *Northern Express*, for a departure at 6:45 p.m. Prior to that, I had an early dinner with

two new acquaintances from the conference at a good restaurant in Washington Union Station. When the train was called, I took my bag to bedroom C in a sleeping car that had been serving patrons for 15 years. Perhaps it had been recently shopped, for it looked and smelled new.

I returned to the platform and walked toward the GG1 up ahead. Although there were some heavyweight head-end cars, the rest of the train was lightweight.

It was hard to get a good perspective of such a huge locomotive while standing so close to it. I had been looking at pictures of these massive machines since childhood, and it was a treat to stand next to one. With that experience under my belt, I returned to my car.

And then we were underway. Early winter darkness meant limited viewing from my bedroom. I did see an Atlantic Coast Line diesel illuminated by floodlights at the Ivy City engine terminal.

I was tucked into my berth before our Harrisburg arrival just past 10 p.m. The usual station noise and the shuffling and reshuffling of our consist during the hour-plus stop tempted me to get dressed and go have a look-see. But I elected to stay comfortable and was asleep before our journey to Buffalo resumed.

Raising the window shade the next morning revealed bright sunlight on white snow. We were just leaving Olean, N.Y. The porter tapped on the bedroom

THE PULLMAN COMPANY
PASSENGER'S CHECK
To identify accommodations purchased
Property taken into car will be entirely at owner's risk

FORM	B-1-X	857 412
FROM	Washington D.C.	
TO	Buffalo NY	
ACCOMMODATIONS	Car	B-753
DATE	Nov 12 1951	
FOR	1 P.S.R.	
GOVT. OR OTHER	A-1-A 270976	
SELLING AGENT	34-32 (Pullman Office No.)	
Value	19.86	
PRINTED IN U.S.A. BY RAND McNALLY		

The check for Anderson's Pullman space on PRR 575, like all his tickets, bore a "DRI&NW" stamp. Richard J. Anderson collection

door. A cup of hot coffee and a smile accompanied his announcement that we would be in Buffalo in an hour and a half or so. Sipping good coffee while watching the snowy hills of western New York through a sleeping car window was not a bad way to begin a day.

The *Northern Express* crept into Buffalo. We passed locomotives and cars of several railroads I knew little about. Red Lehigh Valley road-switchers were trimmed in black. Gray and maroon identified Erie Lackawanna equipment. I had my first look at a caboose lettered



Pennsy trains backed into and out of NYC's Buffalo Central Terminal, as demonstrated by K4 5435 departing with train 570, the *Washington Express*, in April 1951. John M. Prophet

NICKEL PLATE ROAD. The New York Central seemed to be everywhere. I stood beside the brakeman in the rear vestibule of the sleeping car as we curved onto the multi-track NYC east-west main line. Air brakes hissed and we came to a stop. The points of the switch over which we had just rolled slipped from left to right. The brakeman signaled the engineer. We began backing up.

The few PRR and Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo trains that used Buffalo's Central Terminal were overwhelmed by the volume of NYC activity. I thought of Walter Greene's 1930 painting *Eastward and Westward* on the dust jacket of Arthur D. Dubin's *Some Classic Trains*.

Greene had portrayed the terminal from the east, and at night. My first look was in daylight and from the west. The art deco tower was resplendent in the nighttime painting. On this cloudy day in 1965 it looked older, of course, yet it still

radiated the grandeur architects Fellheimer and Wagner had intended.

My Buffalo friends were waiting as I reached the top of the stairs that led up into the station concourse. We exchanged greetings amid the bustle of more people than I had expected. "How did you like the train trip?" They knew of my passion for rail travel. They were amazed at how much easier it had been to find a parking place at a railroad station than at an airport. I was eager to have breakfast.

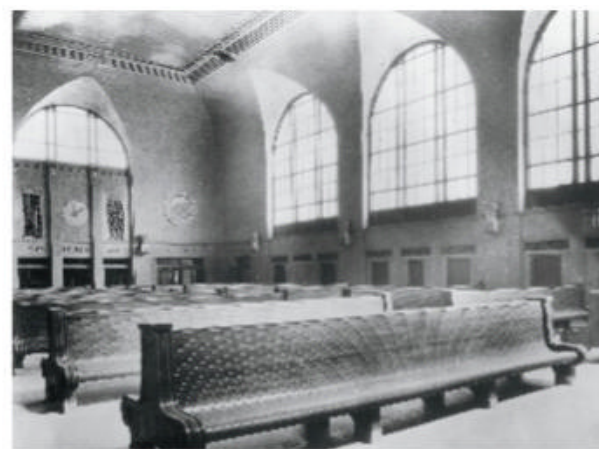
NEW ENGLAND STATES TO CHICAGO

Central Terminal was quiet late in the evening of Sunday, November 14. The next train on my journey, the *New England States* west, was not due until after 1 a.m. I had plenty of time for exploring the cavernous building.

A portion of the concourse over the tracks had been remodeled as a waiting area. Half a dozen people were seated at a small lunch counter, where a waiter-cook sold food and sundries. A few heavy wooden benches of the type often seen in railroad stations faced a pair of ticket windows, behind which two men were at work. The windows were in a high wooden wall that spanned an enormous archway between the concourse and the now-closed main waiting room.

A few arriving and departing trains caused small flurries of activity. There were *Ohio State Limiteds* in both directions, as well as the eastbound *Wolverine*. The ticket sellers were not very busy, and I began a conversation with them. They had worked for the NYC for years and had lots of stories, and I had time to listen.

"Maybe you would like to take a look at the old waiting room," one of them



Central Terminal's main waiting room was closed to the public by late 1965, but a station employee let Anderson have a look. NYC

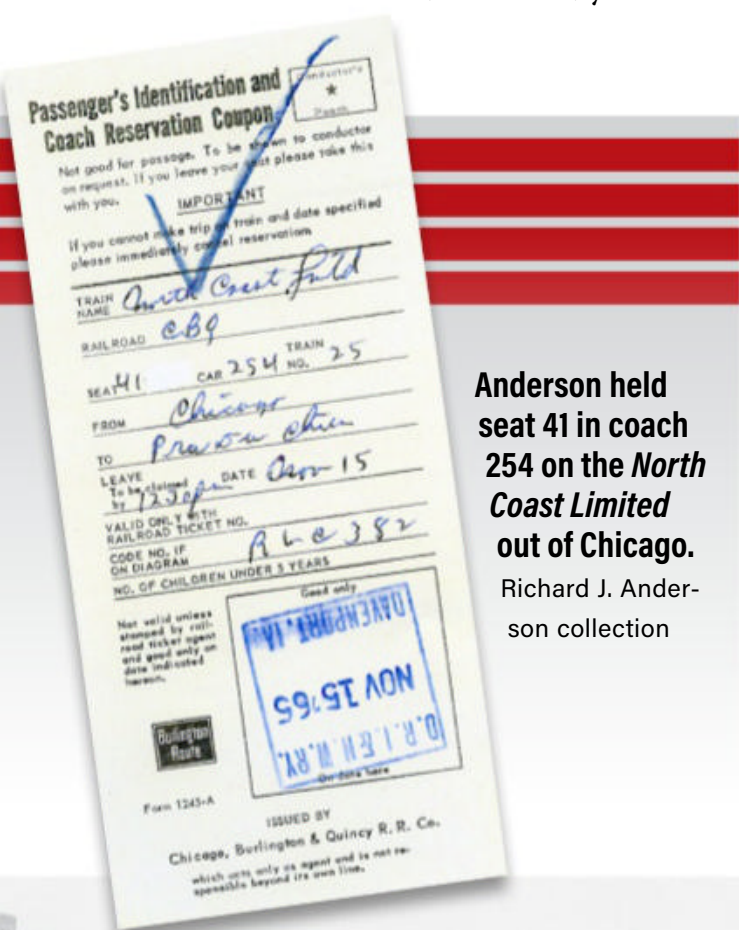
said. He unlocked a door in the high wooden wall and flicked several switches, providing only slight illumination.

I'll never forget that enormous empty space! The ticket agent said it was 225 feet from where we were standing to the far wall. I gazed upward. An ornate ceiling arched more than 50 feet overhead. The huge area was bordered with arches, pillars, and metal grillwork. I learned that Central Terminal's dedication in June 1929 had included a banquet for 2,200 guests in this room.

June 1929, I thought. *That was a few months before the stock market crash.* The monumental building had been built at the end of one era and had to struggle to stay viable through others.

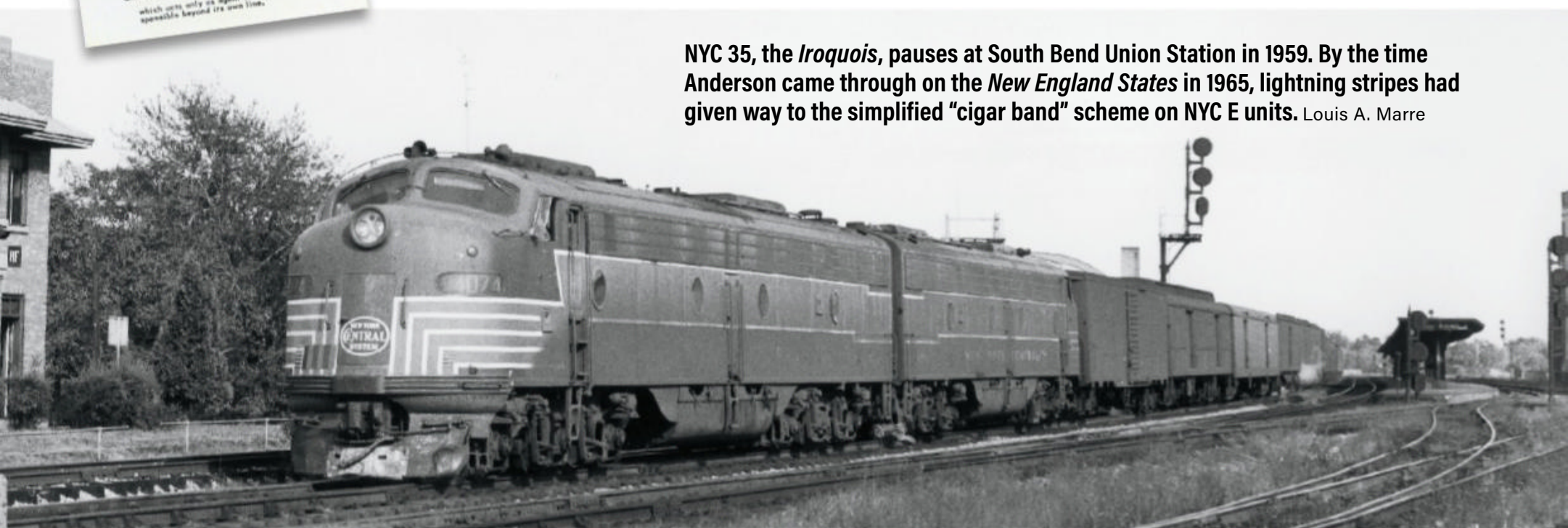
At last the *New England States* rolled in from Boston. I found my way to my sleeping car, a stainless-steel Budd product. As a frequent Burlington Route traveler, I felt right at home in the Budd sleeper.

I was bedded down in room D before we left Buffalo. Departures in the wee hours can be unpleasant, but they do in-



Anderson held seat 41 in coach 254 on the *North Coast Limited* out of Chicago.

Richard J. Anderson collection



NYC 35, the *Iroquois*, pauses at South Bend Union Station in 1959. By the time Anderson came through on the *New England States* in 1965, lightning stripes had given way to the simplified "cigar band" scheme on NYC E units. Louis A. Marre

crease the possibility of a sound sleep between bedtime and sun-up.

I awakened as diesel air horns were warning motorists in Waterloo, Ind. Forty minutes later I was in the diner, enjoying French toast as we paused at Elkhart. About two hours after that, I descended onto the well-worn platform at Chicago's La Salle Street Station. Arrivals here always meant dodging wagons loaded with mail and express.

I was in no hurry. It wasn't yet 9:30, and my fifth and final train, the *North Coast Limited*, was not due to leave until just after noon. After looking over a Rock Island business car hooked up to a station steam line, I began a leisurely walk to Union Station. On the way I stopped at All Nation hobby shop. I always had room in my suitcase for an HO kit or two.

NORTH COAST LIMITED HOME

I was comfortable in the lounge area of the *North Coast's* observation car as we glided out of Chicago Union Station, right on time. A pre-lunch glass of wine helped me settle in. The train was headed for Portland and Seattle, two-thirds of a continent away, but I would be aboard for less than 200 miles.

In October 1964, *TRAINS* editor David P. Morgan wrote about concluding a rail journey home to Milwaukee on a *Hia-watha* from Chicago: "That's an advantage we enjoy in this town. No matter where one travels, the last lap home is at 90 mph. . . . I've ridden those 85 miles uncountable times across the past 20 years, and my reaction is the same. Milwaukee Road knows how to conclude one journey and set the stage for the next."

Speeding through northern Illinois at a similar clip, it was easy to credit the CB&Q with knowing how to do exactly the same thing.

The red Burlington ticket envelope had fallen from a 1969 reprint of John A. Droeg's 1916 *Passenger Terminals and Trains*. How did 1965 tickets wind up in a book published in 1969? I will never know. What I do know is that Droeg's book is still interesting. It's filled with information about locations I've never visited. But this copy had helped me relive the experiences of a wonderful rail adventure from more than five decades ago. ■

RICHARD J. ANDERSON grew up in Iowa and is retired from a career as an Episcopal priest. An "inveterate" train-rider, Dick rode virtually every Rock Island route. He has contributed numerous articles to CLASSIC TRAINS publications since 2001.



New England States passengers navigate the rough platform at La Salle Street Station in 1952. Conditions underfoot were still bad when Anderson detrained 13 years later. Wallace W. Abbey



Anderson enjoyed the *North Coast Limited's* observation lounge on the last leg of his journey. Here the eastbound NCL crosses the Rock River at Oregon, Ill., in June 1963. Jim Scribbins

SPUTNIK EAST, MIXED TRAIN WEST

TWO RIDES ON THE GASPÉ PENINSULA
IN 1962 MADE A LASTING IMPRESSION
FOR A TEENAGE RAILFAN

BY MIKE LANDRY • Photos by Bill Linley



Main photo: CN train 119 is at the division point of New Carlisle, 104 miles into its 202-mile trip from Gaspé to Matapédia in 1975. Inset: CN RDC D-101 sports the classic Maple Leaf paint scheme at L'Isletville, Quebec in 1963.

GREAT TRAINS RIDES MAKE GREAT MEMORIES, but which is the best? A Chicago-bound mid-1970s Amtrak trip heading across southern Michigan in an observation car so comfortable that I had to fight off sleep? A first trip on the Cumbres & Toltec Scenic in the mid-1980s? Riding the New York Central's *James Whitcomb Riley* from Chicago to Indianapolis in 1967? The Association of American Railroads-certified last regularly scheduled U.S. steam passenger run, on Grand Trunk Western in 1960? They were all great, but there was one trip at age 13 that retains the magic of a special place, time, and railroad.

That was a day trip in August 1962 on the Canadian National from St. Omer to New Carlisle on Quebec's Gaspé Peninsula. My family has long been associated with the Gaspé Peninsula. Indeed, ancestors of my paternal grandparents were among early settlers of a principal city on the south side of the peninsula, Carleton. Following a move to Detroit in 1920, my grandparents had seven children. After my grandfather died, I recall my grandmother regularly returning to Quebec by

train. But I was chagrined that she was glad for the demise of steam locomotives because she no longer got soot on her clothes! On that memorable trip, I made my first visit to the area, along with my father, grandmother, brother, and friend Dan Wolschon — another teenage railfan.

It was enchanting country: the Atlantic Ocean extending inland to the south as the Baie de Chaleur, with New Brunswick visible across the bay, farmland divided in the old French fashion of long

narrow strips of land which allowed everyone to have access to the sea, logging-scarred mountains rising a thousand feet within a mile of shore, split-rail fences, some horse-drawn agriculture, and sturdy old farmhouses. Cutting between the mountains and the shore near our ancestral village of St. Omer, CN's Gaspé branch marched its 202 miles from Matapédia to Gaspé on the far eastern tip of the peninsula.

All was not well in this beautiful countryside, however. Poverty dominated, and lack of work forced many men to travel to the metro areas of Quebec City and Montreal for employment. A Saturday morning visit to the Matapédia depot revealed multiple sections of CN's east-bound Montreal-Halifax *Ocean Limited* bringing them home for the weekend. From Matapédia, Gaspésians could ride round trip along the south shore of the peninsula on either a two-car RDC train or a mixed train. Dan and I rode both.

CN dubbed its RDCs Railiners, but



Canadian Locomotive Co. built H12-46 1615 as CN 7615 in 1951 for passenger service between Granby and Montreal. Similar units worked on the Gaspé Peninsula. It is seen at Gordon Yard, Moncton, in 1967 after the addition of drop steps for freight service.



Gaspésians hearkened to the Russian launch less than five years earlier of the first man-made satellite. Thus, the little train, the most modern accommodation on the line, was known as “Sputnik.”

In those days, families in Quebec were large. I discovered we were related to just about everyone. “I have a cousin who lives there,” my grandmother would continually say as we drove around St. Omer. My dad had a hundred first cousins, so there’s no telling how many my grandmother had. I’ve long since given up attempting to discern what degree of cousin a Quebec individual is to me. Everyone is just “cousin.” The woman serving as the station agent at St. Omer was simply Cousin Rita.

ONBOARD SPUTNIK

The depot at St. Omer was little more than a shack in the country outside the north part of the village, in shabby colors of the standard maroon of CN buildings of the day with a badly faded signboard proclaiming the station name. In 1962 it wasn’t even a scheduled stop for Sputnik or the mixed. Perhaps our family connection got us some special service, because Cousin Rita sold us our tickets and when Sputnik eventually came into view, it stopped at the station. The classic green and gold CN Maple Leaf paint scheme dominated most rolling stock we saw while on the Gaspé Peninsula, and that included the RDCs we encountered. However, the new “visual redesign” that CN continues to use to this day was just

Thus, the little train, the most modern accommodation on the line, was known as “Sputnik.”

making inroads. At Matapedia, the lead unit of the mixed train, CLC-built H12-46 1608, was brandishing brand new black, white, and red paint with its “wet noodle” graphic forming the letters “CN.”

From St. Omer, Sputnik took us on the approximately 60-mile trip to the division point of New Carlisle. It was my first (and so far, only) RDC ride.

Besides the Sputniks and the mixed trains providing two passenger trains each way, CN’s Gaspé branch in those days had a fair amount of freight traffic. Built as the Quebec Atlantic Oriental Railway at the fairly late date of 1907 from Matapedia to New Carlisle, then as the Atlantic & Western

Railroad on to Gaspé in 1911, the bulk of its traffic came from pulp and paper mills. Indeed, while visiting a sawmill in Carleton we saw a workman using a jacking device known as a manual car mover. With it he got enough leverage on the lower part of a hopper car wheel to get the car of wood chips moving, then proceeded to lean into the car and push it by hand, eventually getting it to where it needed spotting. Could he have been described as an “0-2-0” switch engine?”

After we arrived and detrained in New Carlisle, Sputnik sat for a while before departing. Then we watched the RDCs trail a big cloud of black smoke as they skittled on their way toward end of track at Gaspé. Unlike most of the Gaspé Peninsula, the dominant language in New Carlisle was (and remains) English instead of French. (One of the cousins told me he polished his English skills by

working as a mechanic at a car dealership in New Carlisle.) There was a small yard and enginehouse overseen by a fairly large depot of 1948 vintage. Resting in the yard was a wedge snowplow.

A MIXED RETURN

We were to return on the westbound mixed, behind H12-46 units 1620 and 1600, with their light-footed A1A trucks. They were part of three batches of 30 locomotives of 1951–53 vintage produced by Canadian Locomotive Co., Fairbanks-Morse’s Canadian affiliate, in Kingston, Ontario. Behind the diesels were a refrigerator car, three baggage cars, a boxcar, and a combine. We were told that the reefer was to enable sport fishermen to send home their catches.

Dan and I sat on the right side toward the rear of the combine as the mixed departed New Carlisle, beginning one of my all-time favorite train rides. The Gaspé Peninsula is magic, and the scenery was stunning — a mixture of yellow and green farmland, picturesque farmhouses and barns, green mountains to the right, the blue sea to our left, the tracks occasionally parallel to the main waterfront highway, other times miles distant from it. Sometimes we skimmed along within a hundred feet of the sea. And there we were, leaning out the open windows of the combine as it snaked its way through innumerable curves, allowing us to observe the full train each time we swung to the right.

Bonaventure, Caplan, and New Richmond were some of the stations along the way. Two memories remain from one of the station stops. First, the stop seemed to take quite a while, possibly for loading or unloading freight or express. Second, at

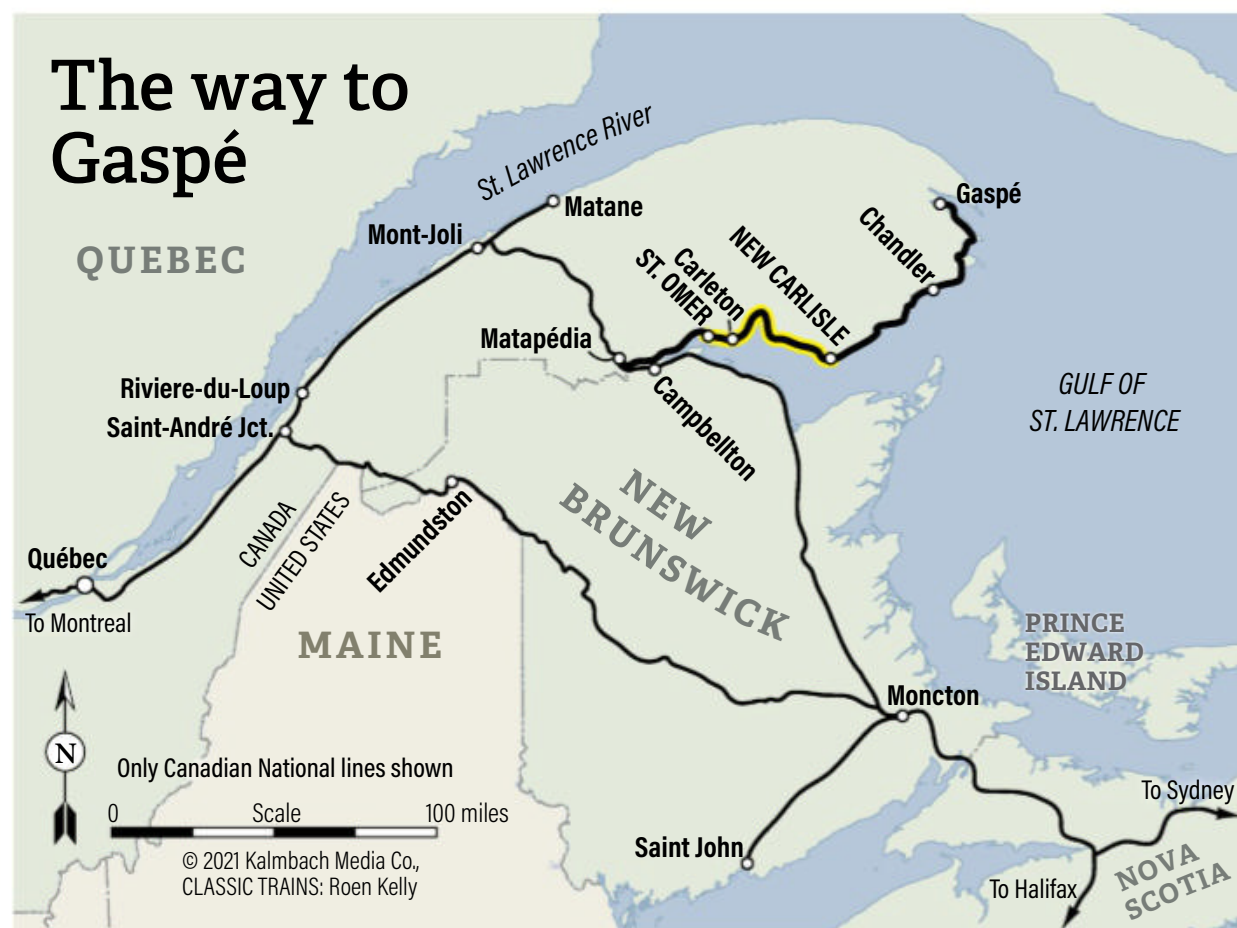
one stop I spotted a boy, perhaps no more than 9 years old, smoking a cigarette.

Between stops, the two H12s guided us on. The weather was perfect — August in Quebec is wonderful. Wind rushed through our hair, six-wheel trucks rumbled beneath our feet, and we were immersed in scents of the musty combine, sea, forests, and brake smoke. Eventually, we rattled back into St. Omer, ending the great train ride; a return home to the Detroit area followed.

I've made other trips to the Gaspé Peninsula, including two on the *Ocean*: one by CN from Montreal to Matapédia in 1967, another on VIA in 2004 from Halifax to Campbellton, New Brunswick. From at least the 1950s to the 1980s there were continual schedule changes. CN dropped Sputnik and the mixed in 1967, replacing them with trains 118 and 119 between Gaspé and Matapédia. There passengers connected with the *Chaleur* out of Montreal. Dating to 1964, the *Chaleur* had a varied history on CN and later VIA and for a while it operated as far as Moncton, N.B. By 1990 it was a tri-weekly Montreal–Gaspé streamliner complete with a dome car, most of the time combined with the *Ocean*.

For the Gaspé branch, things have not been good. Sold by CN in 1996, it became Chemin de fer Baie des Chaleur, then Chemin de fer de la Gaspésie in 2007. In

VIA Rail train 622 has just departed Matapédia on its last run to Gaspé on May 28, 1983, with RDC2 6218 and RDC1 6118. VIA would end all service on the peninsula in 2013.

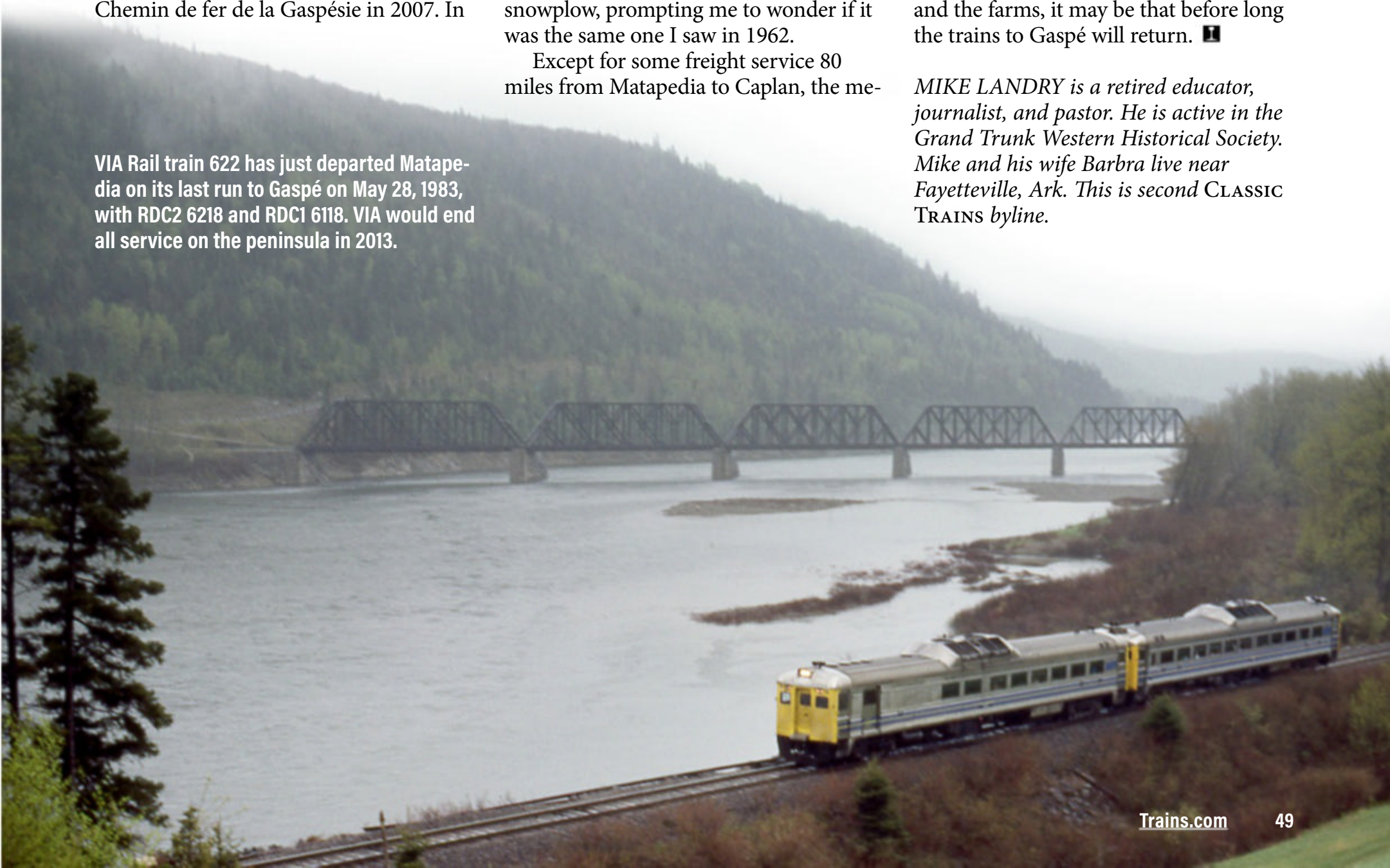


August 2013, track conditions caused VIA to suspend train service. A tourist train operated at the east end of the branch in 2013 and '14 but infrastructure problems brought it to a halt. I visited New Carlisle in 2004 and found the yard and enginehouse gone, but the depot remained. Coincidentally, so did a wedge snowplow, prompting me to wonder if it was the same one I saw in 1962.

Except for some freight service 80 miles from Matapédia to Caplan, the me-

andering track that carried one of my favorite train rides along the beautiful south shore of the Gaspé Peninsula has been idle. But there's hope: purchase by Quebec and investments by the provincial and federal governments aim at complete reopening of the line by 2024. Against the compelling scent of the sea, the forests, and the farms, it may be that before long the trains to Gaspé will return. 🚂

MIKE LANDRY is a retired educator, journalist, and pastor. He is active in the Grand Trunk Western Historical Society. Mike and his wife Barbra live near Fayetteville, Ark. This is second CLASSIC TRAINS byline.





ALL ABOARD!

PhotoSpecial



Passenger power in the age of steam

FROM **4-4-0** TO **4-6-2** TO **4-8-8-2**,
THE LOCOMOTIVES THAT MOVED
US TOOK MANY FORMS



4-6-6-4 Union Pacific 3981 pulls away from Caliente, Nev., with the 15-car *Pony Express* on June 9, 1947. UP introduced the 4-6-6-4 type in 1936, named it the Challenger type, and amassed the largest fleet (105). Though intended as freight engines, they saw regular use on UP passenger trains. R. H. Kindig



4-8-4 Having brought a train of heavyweight Pullmans, perhaps a troop extra, over the 226-mile gap between the Milwaukee Road's electrified districts, 4-8-4 267 backs toward the roundhouse at Avery, Idaho, in 1953. Most commonly called the Northern type, the 4-8-4 was the most successful dual-service wheel arrangement of the 20th century; 36 North American railroads rostered them. Many worked only in passenger service. Al Chione collection



4-4-2 Jersey Central Camelback 592 (now preserved in Baltimore) pinch-hits for a regularly assigned 4-6-2 on the *Blue Comet* at Hammonton, N.J., in the 1930s. With drivers up to 86 inches, Atlantics ruled on fast trains in the 1890s and 1900s before Pacifics superseded them. Granville Thomas



4-4-4-4 The Pennsylvania's 52 T1 duplex-drives of 1942-46 were fast, but various bugs — and the diesel — ensured they had short lives. Retirement isn't far off for this T1 eastbound at Summit Street in Dayton, Ohio, in the early 1950s. B&O had the only other 4-4-4-4. Tom Scholey, David P. Oroszi coll.





4-8-2 The Mountain type took its name from the territory in which the first examples (on C&O in 1911) were intended to operate. The 4-8-2 was good on the flat too: New York Central had the most (600), and it was the most numerous wheel arrangement on the Florida East Coast. Here, in December 1948, FEC 437 is ready to leave Jacksonville with train 35 to Miami. James G. La Vake



4-6-0 Louisiana & Arkansas 233 leads the *Shreveporter* out of its namesake Louisiana city in 1932, substituting for a Pacific on this evening run to Hope, Ark. Ten-Wheelers were built between about 1850 and 1925; they were in their heyday as top-line passenger power when Casey Jones rode one to glory in 1900. A. E. Brown



4-6-4 Introduced by the New York Central in 1927, the Hudson type was employed on 17 U.S., Canadian, and Mexican systems. They were used almost exclusively on varnish, and their résumés included notable train like the *Dominion*, *Hiawatha*, and *20th Century Limited*. Frisco 1063 was one of 10 semi-streamlined 4-6-4s the road's Springfield, Mo., shops rebuilt from Pacifics during 1937-41. J. Schmidt, Krambles-Peterson Archive



4-4-4 The Reading built a quartet of 4-4-4s in 1915 — and converted them to Atlantics in 1916. Baltimore & Ohio No. 1, named *Lady Baltimore*, had a water-tube firebox, 84-inch drivers, and other novelties; it remained a loner all its 1934-49 life, near the end of which it's pictured on a Wheeling, W.Va.-Cleveland local. Most numerous and successful were Canadian Pacific's 5 speedy F2a and 20 lower-driven F1a Jubilee types of 1936-38. Glenn Grabill Jr.





2-10-4 What became known as the Texas type began in 1925 as a freight engine, and so it remained — except on Canadian Pacific, which during 1938–49 bought 16 semi-streamlined 2-10-4s for passenger work in the mountains west of Calgary, Alberta. CP named them Selkirks, for one of the ranges they battled; this 1940s view finds T1c 5925 in the Rockies east of Field, B.C. W. C. Whittaker



4-6-2 Three Reading Company G-3 Pacifics, built in the road's own shops in 1948 as the last U.S. 4-6-2s, wait out the weekend at Hammonton, N.J., on the Pennsylvania-Reading Seashore Lines in June 1954. After introduction around 1902, the type became widespread, eventually finding employment on nearly every passenger-carrying railroad. Frank C. Kozempel

4-4-0 The 4-4-0 was so ubiquitous on our nation's rails during the 19th century that it came to be called the American Standard type, "American" for short. Initially used for all classes of traffic, it became a predominantly passenger engine. Boston & Maine 1011, with a two-car local at Portsmouth, N.H., in October 1939, was one of the relative handful built after 1900. Pierre M. Ditto



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4-8-8-2 Two Southern Pacific 4-8-8-2 cab-forwards — some 1.3 million pounds of motive power — lead the San Francisco-Los Angeles *Owl* through Soledad Canyon in 1952. The train got the hefty power at Bakersfield for the Tehachapi climb. Designed and mostly used as freight power, SP's 4-8-8-2s were limber enough to keep heavy passenger trains on time. Don Sims



New England adventure

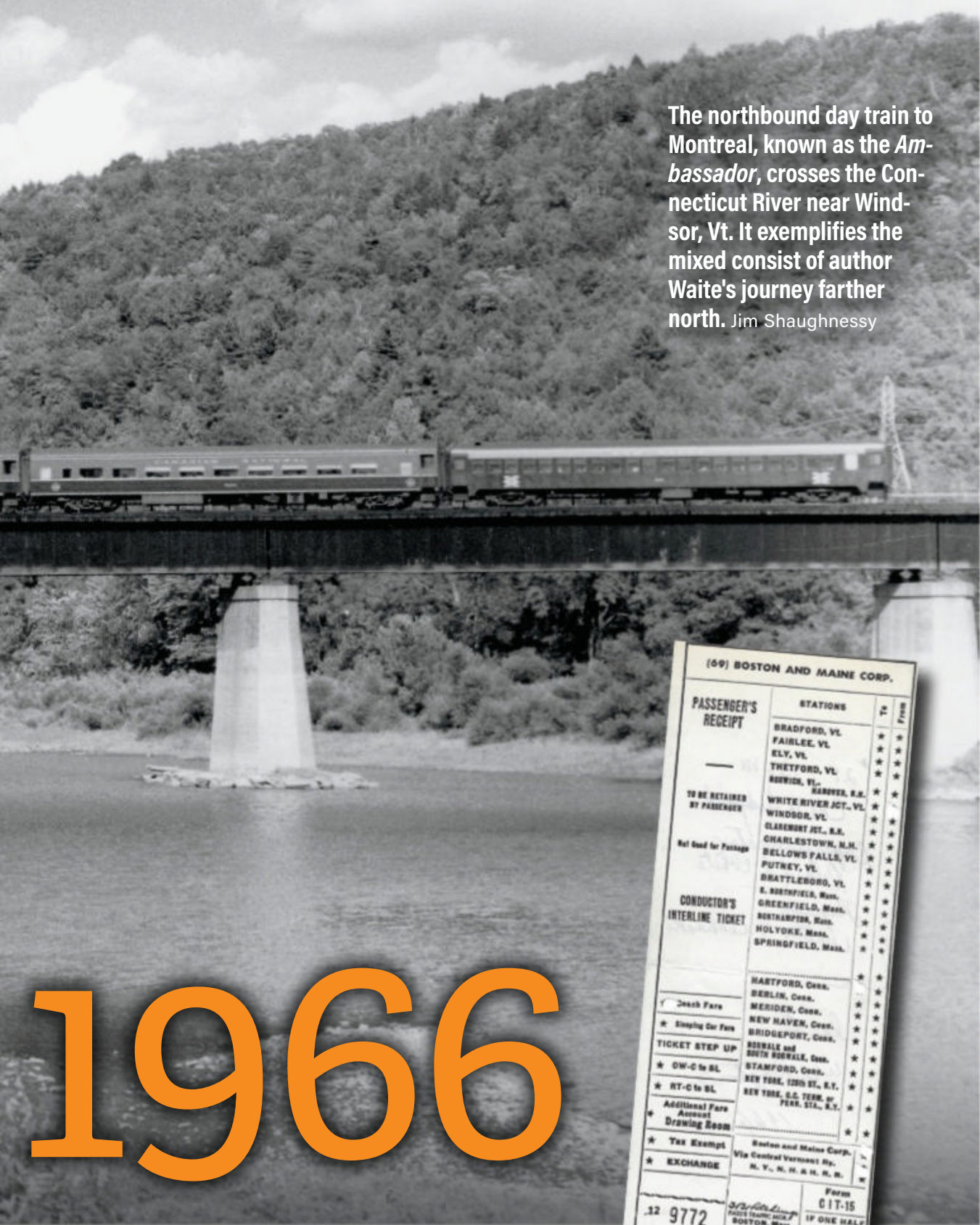
A RIDE ON THE LAST *WASHINGTONIAN* CAPPED OF SUMMER OF EXPLORATION AND INDEPENDENCE

BY THORNTON H. WAITE

FOR SOME REASONS WHICH WERE not clear at the time, my older brother Stephen thought I should spend the summer of 1966 with him when I was between my junior and senior years of high school. Instead of mowing yards, delivering papers, and doing other odd jobs, he thought I should get a “regular” job and experience life away from home. Staying with him and his wife would be a good transition for me and help prepare me for future summer jobs away from home and for college life. Apparently my parents agreed with him, and said I could, indeed, spend the summer with him. There was just one problem — he lived in Hanover, N.H., and I lived in West Hartford, Conn.

My parents showed no inclination to drive me up, so I had to figure out how to get there. The other minor problem was that I had to take my Dalmatian, Macula (Latin for “spot”), so that ruled out Greyhound. Fortunately, there were still two trains a day up to White River Junction, Vt., near Hanover. The daytime train was the *Ambassador*, which ran between New York City and Montreal, and the night time train pair was known as the *Montrealer* northbound and the *Washingtonian* southbound. Although the bankrupt Boston & Maine was trying to drop these trains, they were still running, so I figured I could ride the *Ambassador* to White River Junction, where my brother could pick me up.

The previous summer I had taken Macula with me on the train to White River Junction so that I could have my brother take me to a trailhead for a week



The northbound day train to Montreal, known as the *Ambassador*, crosses the Connecticut River near Windsor, Vt. It exemplifies the mixed consist of author Waite's journey farther north. Jim Shaughnessy

lin, N.H. Even better, the warehouse was across the tracks from White River Junction's Colonial-style station, so I was able to watch for trains while I worked. What more could I ask for? I got paid \$1.35 an hour for the privilege of watching trains, 10 cents above the minimum wage.

Each morning I took the bus from Hanover, which got me to White River Junction at 7 a.m. Work started at 8, so I sat on a baggage cart on the station platform and read until work started. There wasn't much train activity in the morning, but one day there was a stainless-steel New Haven sleeping car set out on a siding. I assumed it had come up the night before with a group of campers and been set out so they could board a bus for the final leg of their journey. After a while a porter came over from the car inquiring about the nearest bar or liquor store. Even then I could sympathize with him for having had to deal with a carload of kids from New York City.

During the workday I would see the occasional road train, and the B&M would switch cars spotted at the warehouse. I ate my lunch on a baggage cart at the depot or sitting in the door of a boxcar. The afternoon was a bit more interesting. The north- and southbound *Ambassadors* met

Waite's receipt for his trip on the last *Washingtonian* shows his destination as Hartford, Conn. Thornton H. Waite collection

In November 1961, New Haven train 77 departs Hartford, Conn., where Waite began his journey north. Jim Shaughnessy

(69) BOSTON AND MAINE CORP.

PASSENGER'S RECEIPT		STATIONS	To	From
		BRADFORD, VT.	*	*
		FAIRLEE, VT.	*	*
		ELY, VT.	*	*
		THETFORD, VT.	*	*
		BRIDGE, VT.	*	*
		WHITE RIVER JCT., VT.	*	*
		WINDSOR, VT.	*	*
		CLAREMONT JCT., N.H.	*	*
		CHARLESTOWN, N.H.	*	*
		BELLOWS FALLS, VT.	*	*
		PUTNEY, VT.	*	*
		BRATTLEBORO, VT.	*	*
		E. GREENFIELD, Mass.	*	*
		GREENFIELD, Mass.	*	*
		ROTHSCHILD, Mass.	*	*
		HOLYOKE, Mass.	*	*
		SPRINGFIELD, Mass.	*	*
		HARTFORD, Conn.	*	*
		BERLIN, Conn.	*	*
		MERIDEN, Conn.	*	*
		NEW HAVEN, Conn.	*	*
		BRIDGEPORT, Conn.	*	*
		STONINGTON, Conn.	*	*
		STAMFORD, Conn.	*	*
		NEW YORK, 1230 ST., N.Y.	*	*
		NEW YORK, C.C. TERR. ST., N.Y.	*	*
		PERKINS, N.Y.	*	*
		HARTFORD, Conn.	*	*
		BRATTLEBORO, VT.	*	*
		PUTNEY, VT.	*	*
		BELLOWS FALLS, VT.	*	*
		CHARLESTOWN, N.H.	*	*
		CLAREMONT JCT., N.H.	*	*
		WINDSOR, VT.	*	*
		WHITE RIVER JCT., VT.	*	*
		BRIDGE, VT.	*	*
		THETFORD, VT.	*	*
		ELY, VT.	*	*
		FAIRLEE, VT.	*	*
		BRADFORD, VT.	*	*

TO BE RETAINED BY PASSENGER

Not Good for Passage

CONDUCTOR'S INTERLINE TICKET

Death Fare

Sleeping Car Fare

TICKET STEP UP

OW-C to SL

RT-C to SL

Additional Fare

Drawing Room

Tax Exempt

EXCHANGE

Form 017-15

IF ONE HALF

PUNCH HERE

12 9772

3/20/62

POST PAID

BOSTON, MASS.

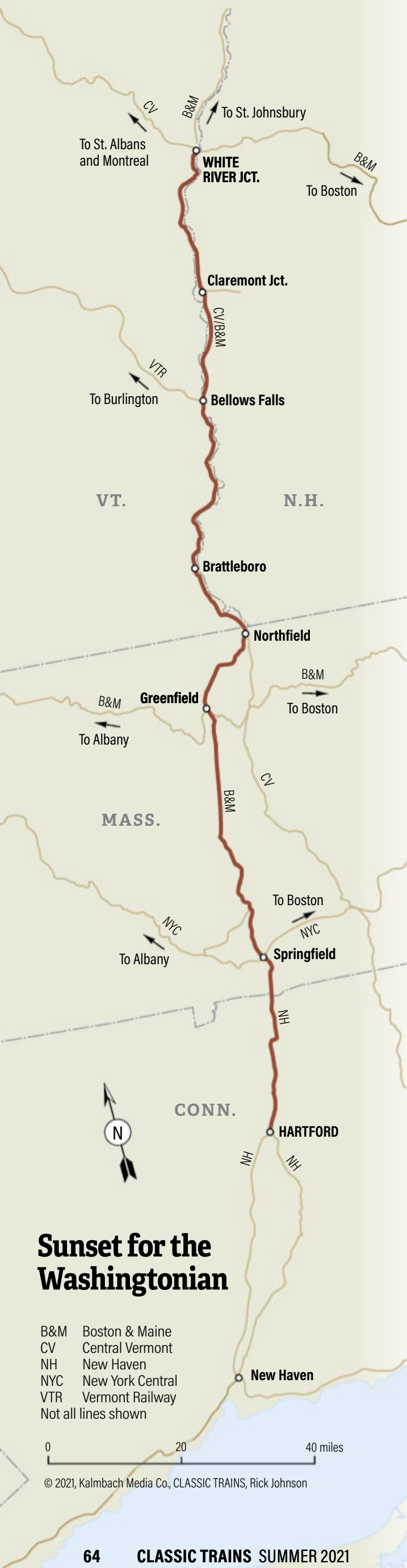
of backpacking in the White Mountains. Somehow or other, with the help of my father I had cobbled together a cage so the dog could ride in the baggage compartment. In reality the cage was big enough for several dogs, and the 149-mile trip was only four hours, so Macula did not suffer in the baggage car.

A TRIP NORTH

When school ended in late June, my parents took me, Macula, my luggage, and the cage to the Hartford station to board the *Ambassador*. The train left Hartford at 12:06 p.m. and arrived at White River Junction at 4 p.m. Stephen picked me up and took me to his house, and I began looking for a job.

I found work in a paper warehouse, where I would unload trucks and, to my joy, boxcars. Most of the products came down on the B&M from the mill in Ber-





at White River Junction around 4 p.m., so there would be a lot of activity as locomotives, cars, baggage, and everything else was interchanged between the B&M and the Central Vermont. Those trains were an odd mixture of New Haven and Canadian National coaches and RPOs and Grand Trunk, CV, and B&M locomotives. If one of the trains was late I would stay to watch, to the dismay of my brother and his wife who wanted to have dinner at a reasonable time.

I spent weekends hiking the White Mountains with my brother and my dog or crossing the Connecticut River and wandering along the tracks, hoping a freight would come by. When we went north to the White Mountains I would watch, usually in vain, for a freight on the B&M Wells River or Berlin lines, but they were infrequent. We also made a point to stop at Whitefield to look at the ball signals that protected the B&M-Maine Central diamond there.

By this time the B&M's extensive network of RDC-equipped passenger service was gone and only the Connecticut River train remained. The B&M spent the summer trying to discontinue this service and finally got approval in late August to do so. My brother and I read the newspaper reports carefully, as this was my best way to get home. After numerous appeals, subsequent rulings, and political noise, the last southbound *Washingtonian* was

scheduled to leave White River Junction in the early hours of September 4, 1966. That date worked well for the end of my job and the beginning of my senior year — I would be able to ride the last *Washingtonian* back to Hartford!

After a due amount of planning and several phone calls to the station, Stephen and I went to wait for the train. Since there was a strike on the Canadian railroads and the train would be originating in St. Albans, Vt., instead of Montreal, we asked if there would be baggage service. We were told baggage service would be available, which is where Macula would have to ride. However, when the train arrived it had no baggage car! The ticket agent asked us how far I was going, and when we told him I was only going to Hartford,

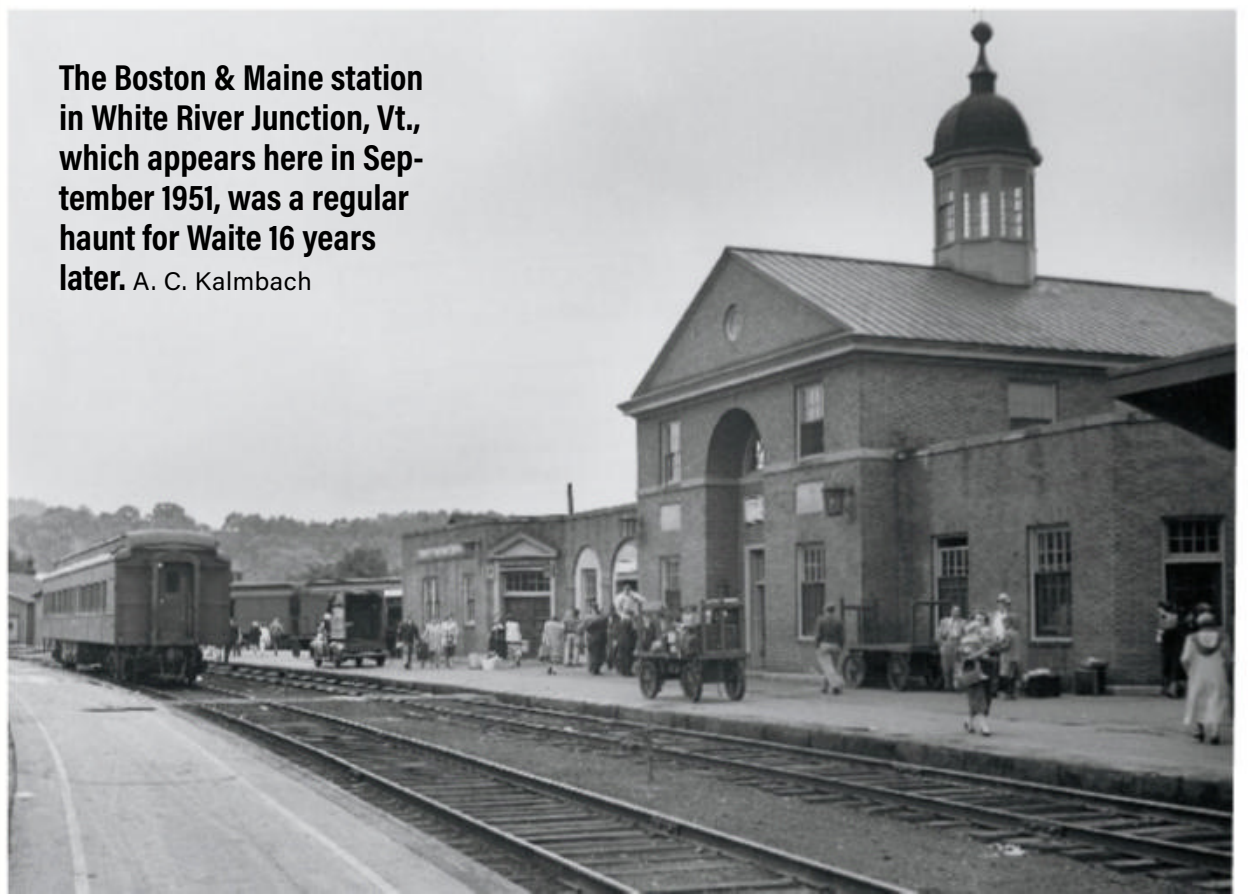
he agreed to allow my dog to travel in the coach — in the shipping cage. So Macula rode with me in a coach on the last *Washingtonian*.

A PROPER SENDOFF

When the train arrived it set off several torpedoes that had been placed on the rails in commemoration of the final run. According to my notes, the abbreviated consist of the last *Washingtonian* was CV GP9 4928, New Haven RPO 3264, CN combine 7382, CN coach 5636, and New Haven sleeping cars *Shippan Point*, *Nutmeg State*, and *Monument Beach*. The CN cars were removed at White River Junction.

I spent weekends hiking the White Mountains with my brother and my dog or crossing the Connecticut River and wandering along the tracks, hoping a freight would come by.

The Boston & Maine station in White River Junction, Vt., which appears here in September 1951, was a regular haunt for Waite 16 years later. A. C. Kalmbach





A variety of B&M equipment appears at West Lebanon, N.H., just across the Connecticut River from White River Junction, in June 1964. The two Budd cars at right are headed north for Concord, N.H. Also visible are F units, a Geep, and a plethora of Alco road-switchers. Jim Shaughnessy

tion, New Haven coach 8606 was added behind the RPO, and B&M F3 4228 and F2B 4226B were on the front of the train.

I still have the ticket I bought for that ride, as well as the copy of the White River Junction newspaper that reported on the last train. It got one detail wrong, however, when it stated "... a woman came in and then a young fellow with a beard and a dog. The fellow with the beard, and the woman and the people with the cameras boarded the coach. And the dog, too." For the record, the young man with the beard was my brother, and I was the one who got on the train with the dog. I did not have

a beard, and my parents would have been more than a little upset if I had had one. It was bad enough that my brother had grown one!

The train was 16 minutes late when it arrived at Springfield, where a New Haven express car was added and the RPO taken off. New Haven FL9s 2050 and 2024 replaced the B&M units for the journey into Connecticut.

I detrained at Hartford, where my family met me, although I am not sure they appreciated picking me up around 5:30 in the morning. The final trip of the *Washingtonian* was the end of a glorious, learning summer for me — and the end of train service north of Springfield for several years.

Amtrak reinstated the overnight *Montrealer*/*Washingtonian* in 1972, opting to use

the *Montrealer* name in both directions in 1974. Unfortunately the attitude of B&M parent Guilford Transportation Industries toward passenger trains, combined with an out-of-the-way routing led to the train's discontinuance in 1995. It was replaced by a Vermont-funded daytime train between St. Albans and Washington, D.C.

Whenever my brother Stephen and I get together, we still talk about trains and railroading. When we travel together we stop to look at the tracks, wait for trains, and do whatever it is brothers do together. We have both moved away from New England and shudder when we think of what the New England rail system is like today, but in summer 1966 its railroads were good to me. ■

THORNTON H. WAITE lives in Idaho Falls, Idaho, and has written several books and numerous articles on railroad history. This is his second CLASSIC TRAINS byline.

The baggage report for the last *Washingtonian* shows nothing carried — Waite's dog rode with him in one of the coaches. Thornton H. Waite collection



Pere Marquette passenger excellence

Grand Rapids–Detroit train 4 at
Trowbridge, Mich., in 1940

BY JERRY A. PINKEPANK
Photos by Emery J. Gulash,
author's collection



In the early 1920s railroaders on other lines in Michigan liked to say that the Pere Marquette Railway's PM reporting marks stood for "Poor Man." This changed dramatically in May 1929 when Chesapeake & Ohio acquired control (C&O ultimately merged PM in 1947). Deferred maintenance of track and equipment was caught up and innovative passenger-service changes were made, especially in the key Grand Rapids-Detroit market where competition with three-lane U.S. Highway 16 was keen. The standard-bearers of this route were not given names; they were in the timetable simply as Nos. 4 and 6 eastbound, 3 and 7 westbound. But lack of names didn't hurt them with the public — their amenities and fast schedules make them candidates to be considered the best day-express trains on the continent.

1 Train No. 4

Departed Grand Rapids 12:30 p.m. daily except Sunday, left Lansing (2.6 miles west of Trowbridge) 1:58 p.m., and arrived Detroit 3:50 p.m., 152.2 miles in 3 hours 20 minutes, a 45.7 mph average. Dinnertime counterpart No. 6 made the run in 3 hours flat, 50.7 mph. These were considered express-train timings in the era, linking Michigan's two largest cities via the state capital. These trains were replaced by the diesel-

powered *Pere Marquette* streamliners in 1946, keeping the same train numbers, with No. 4 carded for 3 hours, and 6 for 2 hours 40 minutes.

2 Locomotive No. 712

PM's workhorse passenger locomotives were 12-class SP-3 Pacifics, Nos. 711-722, delivered by Alco's Brooks works in January 1921. They were a 1914 design but weren't ordered until after the USRA period ended in 1920. Cylinders were 23x28 inches, boiler pressure 190 lbs. (a conservative pressure intended to reduce maintenance costs, a feature briefly popular when the SP-3s were designed, before the emphasis on higher boiler horsepower that occurred in the 1920s), drivers 77 inches, tractive effort 31,050 lbs., hand-fired, no feedwater heater, Baker valve gear with Alco reverse.

3 C&O-inspired trim features

Chrome-plated cylinder-head and valve-head covers with stars, fully-jacketed smokebox with enlarged, conical-based stack.

4 Delta trailing truck

This modern feature was applied when the SP-3s were constructed, but was probably not on the original design before the order was delayed. While some railroads retrofitted the cast-steel

Delta trailing trucks in order to apply boosters, there is no indication PM ever intended to do that, and probably simply wanted the reduced maintenance the cast truck provided compared to the previously popular Hodges truck, such as was applied to USRA standard locomotives.

5 Class 12-RE tender

Capacity 12,000 gallons, 14 tons coal. Modified circa 1935 from the original class 8-RV tanks, which held 8,000 gallons and 14 tons. As delivered the coal boards were curved and in the modification the tender frame was lengthened and the tank raised and faired to match the curve of the coal boards. PM clearly intended the SP-3s to look like racers, but only five of these 12-RE tenders were built.

6 Baggage-mail-express car

There would be very little checked baggage on this train and the car is probably not manned, carrying "storage mail" and through express to be worked at Detroit.

7 RPO and baggage-mail-express car

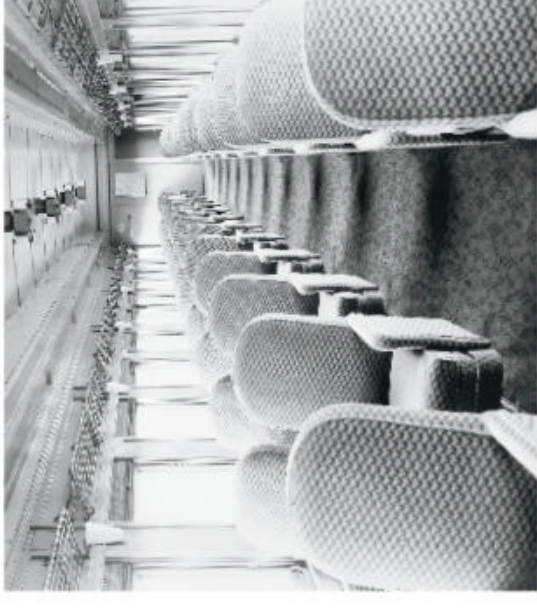
This car would be manned by a Post Office clerk in the 15-foot Railway Post Office section, while a PM employee working as baggageman would handle the mail and express and any checked baggage worked en route.

8 Imperial Salon coach

With 2-1 seating, these cars were a popular configuration introduced by C&O in 1930 on both its own lines and the PM at no extra fare or seat charge, so lone travelers didn't have to share a seat, helping to lure passengers from buses or driving. PM had eight of these built by Pullman in 1931 and subsequently air-conditioned.

9 Conventional 2-2 coach

One of 12 built by Standard Steel Car in 1921, air-conditioned by Pullman in '37. This one is likely a special move, perhaps to a Tigers baseball game.



C&O/PM Imperial Salon coaches featured plush 2-1 seating, deep-pile carpeting, and reading lights. C&O Historical Society collection

10 Parlor-lounge-dining car

PM had five of these unique cars assigned and operated by Pullman, rebuilt in 1932-33 from 26-seat/1-drawing-room parlor cars built in 1913. They had 10 parlor seats, 7 lounge seats, and a dining room; were named *Discoverer*, *Mariner*, *Pilot*, *Seafarer*, and *Navigator*, marine names inspired by PM's Lake Michigan operations. After the *Pere Marquette* streamliners took over, Pullman sold two to the New Haven.

11 Trowbridge tower and signals

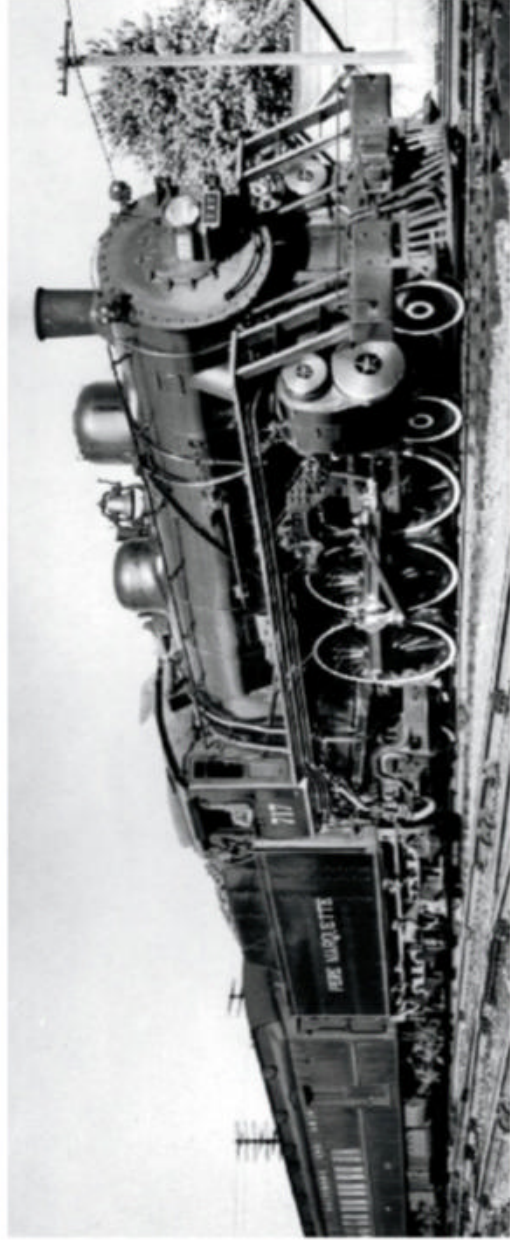
Trowbridge controlled the crossing of PM with Grand Trunk Western's double-track main line; in 1940 the tower was in the northwest quadrant, but, to facilitate the modernization of the interlocking machinery under traffic, a new tower was built in the southeast quadrant in 1952.

12 Full ballast section

Cribs full and tie ends covered with crushed rock; indicative of C&O's improvements.

13 Interchange track

Between PM and GTW, for GTW's Lansing industries, mostly C&O-originated coal for the municipal power station.




Displaying C&O-inspired trim improvements in even greater splendor than No. 712 in the main photo, sister 717 heads B&O's *Ambassador* out of Detroit in 1941; the tender is from a USRA 2-8-2.

Teenage trackman



A JOB ON AN NYC TRACK GANG WAS A GREAT WAY TO SPEND THE LAST SUMMER BEFORE COLLEGE

BY JOHN J. DUNHAM



AS THE SUMMER OF 1957 approached, I started looking for ways to earn a higher wage than I was getting as a part-time grocery store clerk in Pittsfield, Mass. I had just turned 17 and was about to graduate from high school and enter college in the fall.

I mentioned my aspirations to a classmate, Ken Gayle, whose father happened to be a supervisor with the New York Central's Boston & Albany Division, which had an executive office in the station located on Depot Street in Pittsfield. Ken told me to go see his father about a summer job on a section gang for the railroad, and he said he would tell him I would be coming down to see him.

A day or so later a friend and I went to the station, and Mr. Gayle hired us both on the spot. The weekly salary was almost \$90, which was about three times what I made as a cashier.

We were to report to a section foreman, Peter Hagadorn, the following day at North Adams Junction, a couple of miles east of the station. The junction was where a branch up to North Adams diverged from the Albany-Boston main line. Besides the double-track main line and the branch, there were several spurs into a General Electric plant, plus a freight yard and an old roundhouse.

We were told to wear work clothes such as dungarees, heavy boots, and gloves. A hat was advised, as we would be in the sun the entire workday, which was from 7 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. We'd need a hefty lunch, as the work would be heavy and would require a lot of "fuel." Also advised: salt tablets.

The next day we reported to Foreman Hagadorn, who looked us up and down and grunted something about the railroad going to hell by hiring all these college kids.

FORMIDABLE AND FOREBODING

Now, Pete Hagadorn presented a formidable, even foreboding appearance. He was deeply tanned, about 6 feet 2, with a leathery, grizzled look. He had a pair of steel-

rimmed glasses that you could never see behind. Hence it always looked like you were looking at a wall of steel.

Pete was a man of few words but when he spoke, he was gruff and to the point. The skinny was that he took over the job from his father, whom he supposedly once cuffed around because of a mistake the father made on the job.

Without further ado, Pete assigned my friend to a jack hammer being used as a tamper to pack ballast under the ties of a newly installed rail. He then handed me a broom and a small shovel and told me to go clean out a "frog," which he gestured toward in a general way. Being unfamiliar with railroad nomenclature, I had to ask him what a frog was. He immediately exploded in a torrent of profanity-laced comments about stupid, damned college kids, and then marched down the track and without any more words pointed right at the section of turnout I was to work on.

A while later Pete came to where I was working and stood about two feet or so from me, silently watching me work. I could see his pair of boots at the edge of my vision as I worked head-down cleaning the frog. Abruptly, he took the broom from me, and gruffly told me to go help carry some ties from a pile to the track. I learned that it was his habit to silently stand next to you as you worked, so his boots were just within your field of view as you looked down at your work.

From that time and for most of the summer, our work consisted of removing old ballast from the ties with a pick axe, pulling the spikes, removing the tie plates, and sliding the old tie from under the rail. A new tie was then inserted, new tie plates positioned, and ballast tamped under the tie with a jack hammer. Spikes were then held in place while you drove them in with a heavy, long-headed sledge hammer. Occasionally, we would replace an entire rail. Pete would then go lay his face close to the rail about 50 feet away and direct you to add or remove ballast as he visually determined whether the rail was level.

We had to carry the rails, which I believe were 140 pounds to the yard, and ties to each spot we were working on. It

In Montana (left, near NP's new Bozeman Tunnel in 1945) or Massachusetts, track workers have a hard, dirty job. Northern Pacific

seemed Pete would always direct the work-train crew to unload the ties as far from our work as he could. This made for a long, strenuous carry.

Of course, from time to time those boots of his would appear in your visual circle, stay a while, then disappear. You were never told that you were doing a good job. You were, however, told when you were deemed not to have done something right.

Every day at 10 a.m. we got a 10-minute break, which gave us the opportunity to meet the other men in the gang. There were about 10 of us in all, and 4 or 5 were either in or about to start college.

The rest were rather elderly Italians who had worked for the railroad for many years. They could all speak English, but mostly they talked among themselves in Italian.

Unlike our foreman, they were all friendly to the “college kids,” with the exception of one loner who kept to himself. We soon learned he was a habitual wine drinker who even brought pint bottles to work in his lunch pail. Pete tolerated this because the man was a prodigious worker.

The story was that Pete once fired him for his drinking and told him he could return when sober. He did return, but was such a lousy worker when on the wagon that he was allowed to resume imbibing. He would single-handedly carry ties where normally it took two of us.

PETE VS. THE COLLEGE KIDS

As the summer progressed, our relationship evolved into a contest between Pete and us college kids as to who could irritate the other the most.

For Pete’s part, he gave us the toughest jobs, and stood over us for minutes on end saying nothing, just looking down at the spot we were working with a disgusted look on his face. We would constantly see that pair of boots close to us as we jack-hammered ballast under the ties.

For our part, we started (I was the instigator) making all sorts of animal sounds when Pete’s back was turned. He would snap around and march up to whoever he thought was the offender and plant those boots next to him. Of course, someone else would then start mooing like a cow or hooting like an owl and off he would go. This mutual torment went on all summer, but Pete had the upper hand in the contest — he was the boss.

Our oasis during the day was the lunch break, which I believe was only 30 minutes. We could find some shade and get a respite from the labor, but even there Pete was able



Near Huntington, Mass., E8s lead the westbound *New England States* through two of the many curves on NYC’s Boston & Albany Division in the late 1950s. Jim Shaughnessy



In another late-1950s view, a four-unit set of Alco FA and FB diesels heads for Boston with a freight at the New York-Massachusetts state line. Jim Shaughnessy



Alco RS3s 8224 and 8229 climb out of the Connecticut River valley with the westbound Knickerbocker at Woronoco, Mass., in October 1954. Robert P. Olmsted

to make his authority felt. He would stand near us as the lunch break came to a close with his watch in his hand. He would conspicuously be looking at the watch as the time neared for us to get back on the job. At precisely 30 minutes he'd say, "All right you guys, let's get these ties moved up there."

Some days there were assignments to be made to the work train. This was usually an especially tough job consisting of walking next to a moving gondola car being pulled by a diesel switcher. As you walked along, you had to bend down, pick up a discarded tie plate, and throw it up into the gondola. Now, those tie plates weighed several pounds, and after an hour or so of this they seemed to weigh many times that. The engineer would keep up a good speed, and had no sympathy for us to slow down. These assignments seemed to always fall upon me or the other college guys.

Another way Pete would get to us was to insist that we keep running our jack hammers until the very last seconds when a train was approaching. The scenario usually went something like this: A fast passenger train with an E unit at the head end would show its headlight around the

bend a mile or so away. We would lay down our hammers and move back from the track. Instantly Pete would command us to get back on those hammers, adding that *he* would tell us when to get out of the way. We would nervously return to our work with one eye on the approaching engine, finally jumping back when it was deemed close enough by Pete.

Our efforts to retaliate continued with the animal noises, which Pete learned to largely ignore. It was obvious that the battle was going in Pete's favor.

RAINY DAY CAB RIDE

Through all this, there were times when the job was enjoyable, such as the day it was raining and we were all huddled under a bridge when a diesel came by while switching some cars. The engineer stopped and motioned to us to come up to the cab. The next half hour or so was spent riding in the cab while the engineer explained all the workings of the engine.

Then there were the temporary assignments to North Adams. On those occasions we would couple a four-wheel cart to a "putt-putt" and ride to the job. The putt-putt was a small gas-engined motor car for maintenance men, also known as a "speeder." These rides were great respites from the grinding labor and a thrill for us to ride behind that speeding putt-putt.

For the most part, though, it was a grueling, dirty job. Although steam had been gone from the B&A for some years, for a century before dieselization, locomotives sprinkled coal dust and cinders over the right of way, and the accumulated grime found its way into our every pore. I would come home so caked with dirt that I

looked like I had come from a coal mine. My mother forbade me to use our bathroom to clean up, so I had to take a bar of soap to a nearby lake for my daily bath.

As the summer finally came to an end, the college boys plotted our final big revenge on our nemesis, Pete. We would not give any notice of our intent to leave, but would all simply go to Pete on a given day and tell him we all quit.

The day finally arrived, and our plan was ready.

At the appointed time we smugly walked up to Pete and informed him that we were through with the railroad.

As we all watched for the shocked and hurt look to appear on Pete's face, he broke out in a broad smile and simply said, "I guess the railroad will get along all right without you guys." Of course, Pete had been expecting us college guys to leave before the start of the fall term.

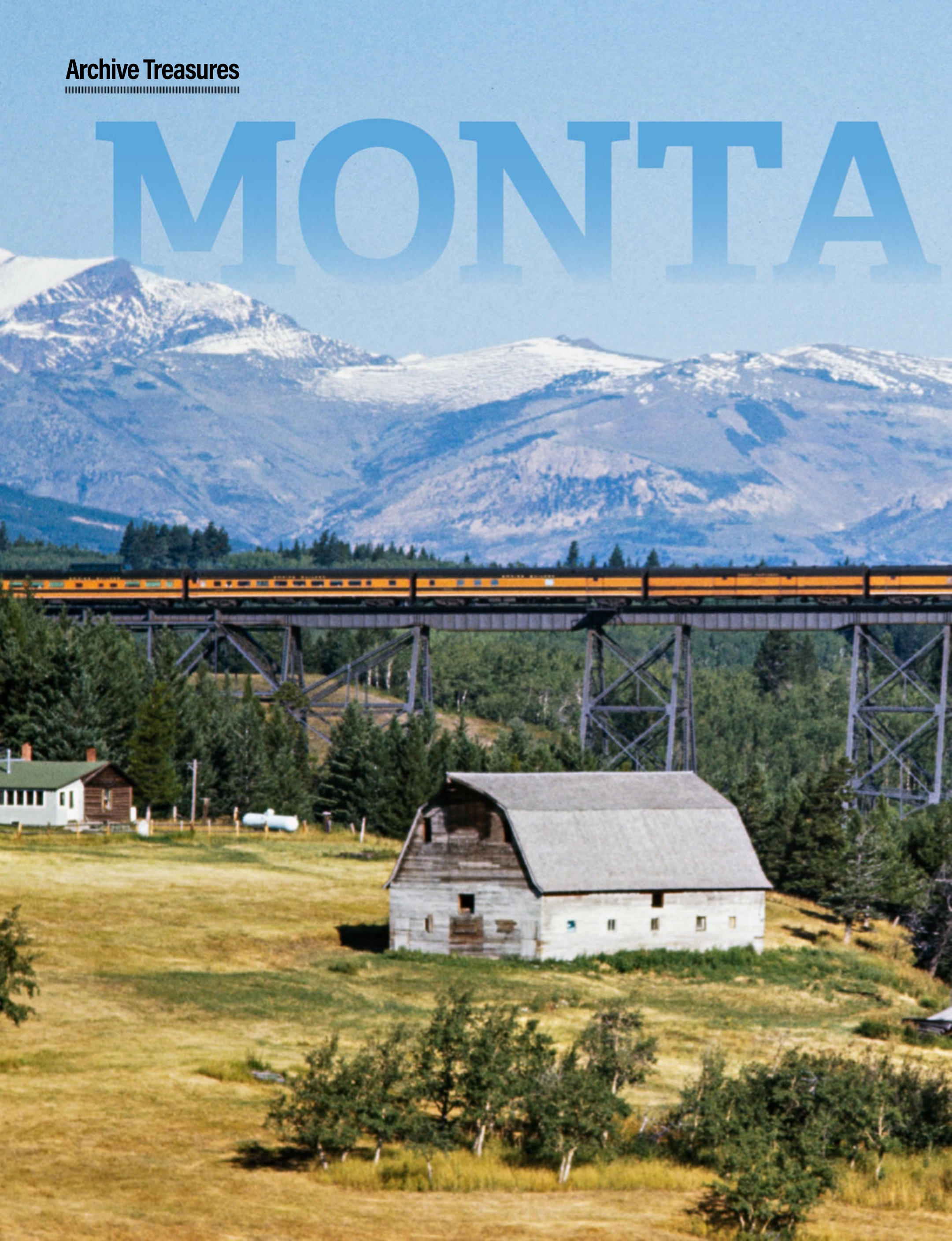
Well, Pete won on all counts, but looking back, I must say I view it as a very positive experience if not to say even fun.

We ended up as physically fit as any athlete who trains every day, and the memories of the ride in the switcher are still vivid, as are those great rides to North Adams behind the putt-putt.

As for Pete, we would occasionally see him ride by us in his car when we were walking along the streets in Pittsfield. Amazingly, he would honk his horn and wave to us. I guess he did not mind "college kids" after all — as long as they were out of his hair. ■

JOHN J. DUNHAM lives in Raymond, Maine. This is his first CLASSIC TRAINS byline.

MONTANA



NA CALLING

WITH A LEICA AND A PORSCHE,
RON HILL CHASED THE GREAT NORTHERN

BY SCOTT LOTHES • Photos by Ronald C. Hill, Center for
Railroad Photography & Art collection



Four F3 units lead the eastbound
Empire Builder across Two Medicine
Bridge just east of East Glacier on the
morning of August 22, 1966.



A helper set consisting of an F unit and three Geeps shoves behind the red caboose of a freight train east near the summit of Marias Pass on August 21, 1966. The distinctive slanted cupola caboose was a Great Northern trademark.

By the mid-1960s, Ron Hill had a pretty good idea of what he wanted out of a summer vacation: mountain vistas, clear skies, open roads, and beautiful trains. Montana — especially along the Great Northern — delivered on every count.

His introduction to the state came in 1962 on a more typical sightseeing trip to Yellowstone National Park. “I developed a great passion for Montana,” Hill said. “I just always wanted to go, for either the scenery or the trains.”

After law school and two years of military service at Fort Riley, Kans., he found a job at a company in his hometown of Denver and he soon had the means to travel. Montana was calling, and he answered each August for more than a decade. He made that first trip in a 1960 Volkswa-

gen, but by the time his serious railroad photography excursions began in 1964, he had upgraded. Hill loves fast cars almost as much as trains, and he drove to Montana in a series of Porsches. He began with a 356B bought second-hand from Dr. C. Paul Lake, one of his photography mentors. A new 912 followed, and then a new cherry-red 911 in 1970.



Ronald C. Hill in 2016.

“Montana didn’t have a speed limit for a long time, and there were rarely any cops around,” Hill recounted. “You could go as fast as you wanted.”

That came in handy on the Great Northern main line. While the grades and curves over Marias Pass kept train speeds there low, much of the rest of the route had speed limits of 60 mph for freights and 79 mph for passenger trains. In the 1960s, rail traffic was such that, when you found a train, you generally wanted to

stick with it. “The railroad wasn’t nearly as busy then as it is now,” Hill said, “but there were always a few trains.”

BIG SKY RAILROADING

The GN’s employee timetable for 1965 lists seven scheduled trains per day. There were two pairs of passenger trains, the *Empire Builder* and the *Western Star*, plus three scheduled eastward freights: 490, 492, and 494. In the long days of summer, five out of these seven scheduled movements occurred in daylight. The *Builder* went east just after sunrise and came back west just before sunset, while the *Star* did the opposite. As for the freights, 490 and 492 ran at night, but 494 departed Whitefish mid-morning. Westward trains ran as extras, and in addition to the three scheduled eastward trains there were also extras east from time to time. With the smooth blacktop of U.S. Highway 2 paralleling the railroad and a high-efficiency German flat-four engine under the hood (then a flat-six in the 911),



Led by an A-B-B-A set of F3s in GN's simplified paint scheme, the *Empire Builder* splits a pair of semaphore signals on the eastern slope of Marias Pass on the morning of August 22, 1966.

The *Western Star* rolls east behind five F units east of Belton along the Middle Fork of Flathead River on August 22, 1964. The river had flooded just a few weeks earlier, damaging the track and roadbed. GN crews built the spur in the foreground to aid in their reconstruction efforts.



Hill had no trouble keeping up.

If the locals had any opinions about the Porsche with Colorado plates, they never let on to Hill. He did, however, make at least one good friend in Montana. While investigating the Izaak Walton Inn and the GN yard at Essex, Hill met the station agent, a man named Wilbur Gulbransen.

"He was a really nice guy," Hill remembers, noting that, "we exchanged Christmas cards every year for years. I always stopped to see Wilbur."

During one of those visits, Gulbransen was busy sweeping out the depot

when the phone rang. "Answer that!" he told Hill.

Hill dutifully obeyed, finding himself on the line with the engineer of an approaching freight train east.

"Can you tell me where the helpers are?" the engineer asked.

"Yeah," Hill replied. "They're sitting right here in front of the station."

"No," growled the terse reply from the train, "what track are they on?!"

Railroad phone etiquette notwithstanding, Hill had some memorable experiences in Essex. It was "easy," he said, to catch a ride on the helpers up



Photographer Hill parked his chase vehicle, a new Porsche 911, on the maintenance road west of Two Medicine Bridge for this eastbound BN freight train on August 24, 1970.



Two GE U33Cs bracket an EMD F45, all in the 1967 Big Sky blue scheme, leading a freight train east through one of the many snowsheds on Marias Pass on the morning of August 16, 1969.



Two SD9s — which the Great Northern had configured to run long-hood forward — and three F units lead a freight train east around the sweeping curve west of Browning on August 22, 1966.



Brake shoe smoke engulfs a westward freight train descending Marias Pass at Nimrod on August 25, 1970. The semaphore blades protect gantlet track on the Flathead River bridge.

to Summit and back. Once, though, as the crew was uncoupling after the shove and getting ready to head back west, they told Hill they had orders to run straight through to Whitefish. His Porsche was waiting in Essex, of course, and so an unscheduled stop was made.

The Great Northern was by no means Hill's only railroad subject in Montana. His annual August expeditions also included time on the Northern Pacific and the Milwaukee Road, and he liked them all. His favorite spot was the NP division point of Livingston for its good food, great scenery, and proximity to Bozeman Pass. The Milwaukee Road might have been his favorite railroad had it not already been in its "death throes." In the GN, he found the best combination.

The high class of GN's passenger operations made a strong impression. "Back in the old days," Hill recalled, "the *Builder* always had a matching consist with every car painted the same colors. It was really a nice-looking train." That changed over the course of his visits, which spanned the introduction of GN's new "Big Sky blue" design in 1967 and the railroad's consolidation into the Burlington Northern in 1970. "The trains looked funny when they were being repainted," Hill lamented. "They were all mixed together."

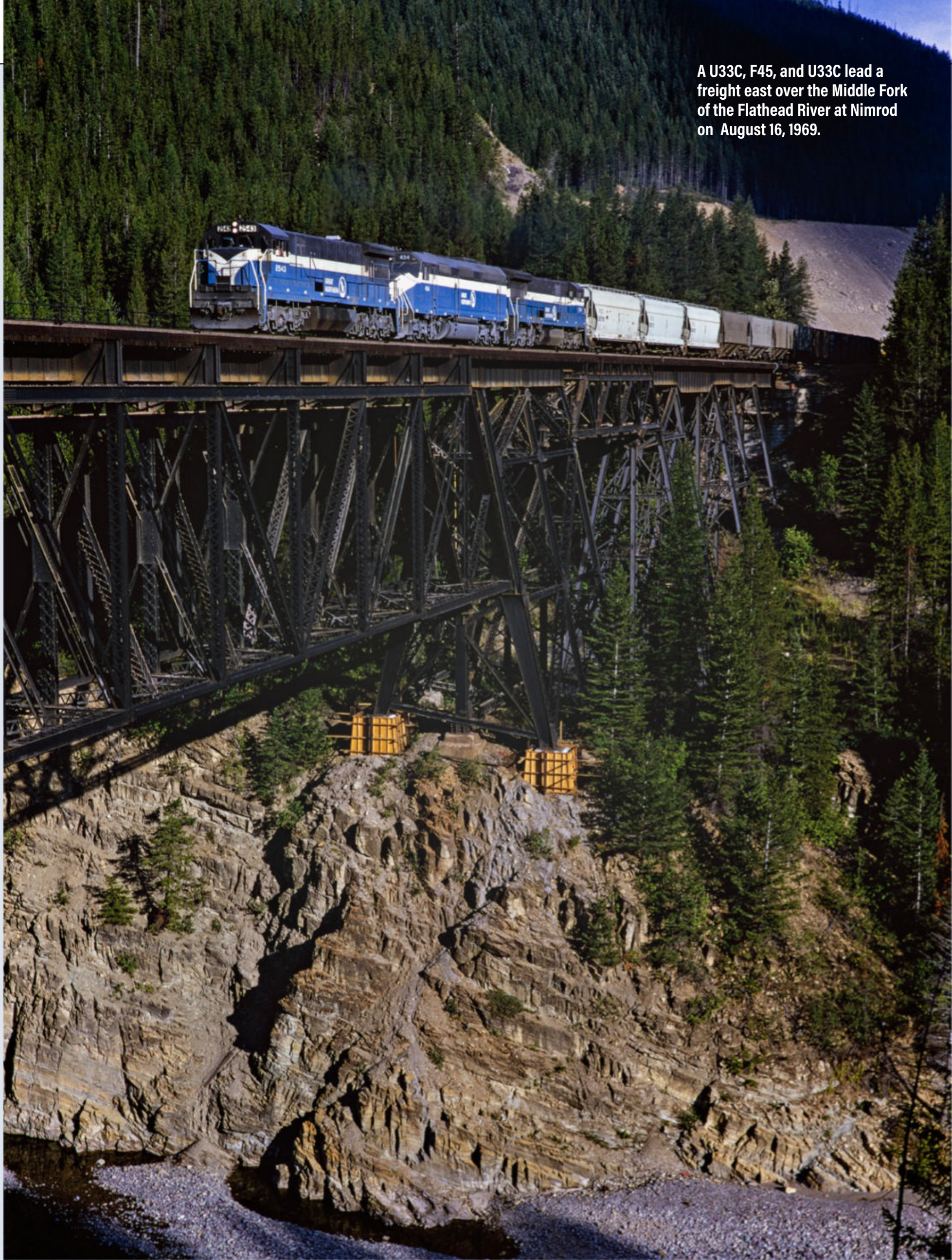
As for those new looks, he said, "I

didn't like the blue and white design as much as the old orange and green, but it was okay. It was tastefully done, and so much better than [BN's] Cascade green!"

MAKING MEMORABLE IMAGES

Hill recorded all of these colors against the grandeur of the Montana Rockies with the best 35mm photography equipment he could find. "Some people used Nikons and I felt sorry for them because they didn't know any better," Hill said with a grin. "Leica cameras and lenses were absolutely the best in the world for 35mm."

A U33C, F45, and U33C lead a freight east over the Middle Fork of the Flathead River at Nimrod on August 16, 1969.





The westbound *Empire Builder* pauses in Whitefish as the evening shadows grow long on August 22, 1964. The 40-foot freight cars in the yard reflect the photograph's era.



Burlington Northern F45 6640 was just four months old when Hill caught it leading this freight train west with ex-GN and NP units, and a WP visitor, at Summit on August 21, 1971.

Hill was a Leica devotee, using the M3 and M4 cameras during his Montana trips. (An M6 and MP came later.) His primary lens was the Summicron 50mm *f*2.0, and by 1966 he also had a Tele-Elmarit 90mm *f*2.8 (and later a 135mm). He used Kodak films exclusively for his color work: Kodachrome X in 1964, then Ektachrome X through 1968, and finally Kodachrome II after that. His choices were sound. Half a century later, his digitized slides shine with vivid color and crystalline sharpness in the high-definition viewing of 21st-century technology.

You might be tempted to think of the

Porsche-driving, Leica-wielding Hill as a playboy on these Montana adventures, but there is something else you should know. His father, Clyde C. Hill, who taught English at the University of Denver, died at age 59, making an early widow of his mother, Fern. “She was a very dear sweet lady,” Hill recalled. She taught home economics in Denver high schools as a substitute teacher, and Ron explained, “she always loved having a trip to look forward to” during the summer. “When I was getting ready to go to Montana the first time, I asked her if she wanted to come.” She rode shotgun on every trip, missing only the last two

after lymphoma claimed her at age 75.

She wasn’t a railfan, but “she didn’t have much of a choice since I was driving!” Hill said with a chuckle. On at least a few days of each trip, she would stay in town — often Whitefish on the GN — and go shopping. That may also have allowed the Porsche to unwind just a little bit faster as U.S. 2 rolled off toward the horizon, with orange-and-green F units bearing down in the rear-view mirror.

After his mother died and Cascade green came to fill more of his beloved Montana railroads, Hill eventually began heading elsewhere for summer vacations — farther north to Canada at first, and later to Europe and Asia. He still visited Montana from time to time, well into the BNSF era, and he marvels at how much traffic the railroad handles today.

“I have always loved Montana,” he said. “One of the great sorrows of my life is that I don’t go there anymore.” Thanks to his slides, he can still bring the Montana of the Great Northern to us, in all the glory of a perfect summer day. 📷

SCOTT LOTHES is president and executive director of the Center for Railroad Photography & Art, to which Ron Hill donated his photography in 2020. Our “Archive Treasures” series features images from the Center’s growing collection.



Finally, my own division

Battling snow, finding efficiencies,
and building morale on C&NW's
Wisconsin Division

BY CHRIS BURGER • Photos by the author

Typical of railroads in the wild and woolly 19th century, characterized by over-optimism, mergers, bankruptcies, reorganizations, renaming, and the like, the first entity called “Chicago & North Western” was chartered in 1859 following the bankruptcy of predecessor Chicago, St Paul & Fond du Lac Railroad, itself the product of several mergers. Fast forward 118 years, and the “Fond du Lac’s” route was part of the North Western’s Wisconsin Division, where I became Division Manager in May 1977. Actually, the job title was the somewhat unwieldy “Assistant Vice President and Division Manager,” reflecting the 1972 reorganization of the operating department, placing responsibility for transportation, engineering, mechanical, and administration at the division level, with each area headed by an assistant division manager.

Not only would this become my longest-lasting job



At Little Suamico, Wis., 12 miles north of Duck Creek, a business-car special is in the hole for a freight led by ex-Norfolk & Western Alco C628 6716 in spring 1979.

Train 477 out of Chicago holds the westward main track at Butler, C&NW's principal Milwaukee-area yard and site of the Wisconsin Division headquarters, in spring 1984.



A worker braves cold and snow to clear switch points on the eastward main track at Butler Yard, Milwaukee, during the rough winter of 1981-82.



After a heated remark by C&NW President Larry Provo, posters bearing his words began appearing around the system.



On the scenic line north of Madison, Wis., an SD45, SD40, and GP7 make a switching move at Rock Springs, source of the North Western's distinctive "Pink Lady" ballast, in spring 1981.

but, as I was advised one day by our office manager who was a history buff and had compiled a list dating to the earliest days, I was the division's longest-serving superintendent. I was also to be its last, as the division, after being consolidated with the Lake Shore Division in 1979, was itself consolidated out of existence in 1985 as the North Western dealt with its failure to acquire the bankrupt Milwaukee Road

following a year or so of inspections, studies, and planning.

Passenger service on the division by the North Western's fleet of 400s and secondary trains was of course gone by 1977. The track conditions that permitted their higher speeds and ride quality, while better than on most of the system, were showing signs of deferred maintenance. Derailments on the main lines were rare,

but branch lines and yards were a different picture. For scenery, it was hard to beat the line north of Madison, source of the famous "Pink Lady" ballast, as well as home to the Mid-Continent Railway Museum with its ex-C&NW Ten-Wheeler 1385 and Baraboo's Circus World Museum with its circus trains.

While it was "mature" if not declining, there was a lot of heavy industry and other customers in and around Milwaukee, with supporting yards at Butler (home to the division headquarters and a diesel shop), Mitchell, National Avenue, and the joint-with-Milwaukee Road Menominee Belt. Other Wisconsin Division yards were at Adams, Madison, Jefferson Junction (at a large malting plant), Janesville (site of a GM auto plant), Racine, Kenosha (American Motors), and Waukegan, Ill. Way freights based at Butler, Mitchell,



One of the North Western's 25 GP15-1 units switches the Chessie System car ferry *City of Midland 41* at Manitowoc, Wis., on the former Lake Shore Division in early 1981.

Madison, Jefferson, Kenosha, and Waukegan served customers outside of switching limits. All of these amounted to about 50 crew assignments a day.

The Lake Shore Division consolidation added yards at Fond du Lac, Oshkosh, Neenah, Kaukauna, Green Bay, Eland, Manitowoc, and Sheboygan, amounting to another 40 or so daily crew assignments. Most of this was related to the paper industry, but there was variety as well, including the Lake Michigan car ferry operations in Manitowoc and (until 1980) Milwaukee. The Green Bay locomotive shop based in the old roundhouse was "home shop" for the fleet of Fairbanks-Morse and, later, Alco units, which were transferred from South Dakota in 1981.

BUSY BUT SMOOTH-RUNNING

Keeping the rails shiny and dispatchers on their toes were two through freights daily in each direction between Chicago and Milwaukee, Fond du Lac, Green Bay, Minneapolis, Duluth-Superior, and Janesville, plus coal trains to power plants at Oak Creek, Waukegan, Pleasant Prairie, Sheboygan, and Green Bay, along with the way freights and seasonal potash,

grain, ballast, and iron-ore trains, plus suburban "scoots" on the lines out of Chicago to Harvard, Ill., and Kenosha. It was a busy railroad, but it ran well on a day-to-day basis. Mostly experienced employees as well as still-decent track and sufficient yard capacity, plus two routes on the busiest portion between Milwaukee and Chicago, helped keep things fluid, as did the fact that, with the exception of the

coal and other unit trains, there was little day-to-day fluctuation in operations.

Our location and function as a link between Chicago and the Twin Cities, each with its cyclical congestion, severe weather, and other problems, meant that from time to time we were called upon to help with additional blocking and switching. Having worked at both places, I was always proud of our troops when we were able to do so. One occasion that sticks in my mind was the 1981-82 winter, when heavy snow had much of the system on its hands and knees. We made the decision to declare a "Sadie Hawkins Day" and shut Butler Yard down for a day to do nothing but pull tracks for the Jordan spreader and other equipment to clear them. Once done with that, we were able

It was a busy railroad, but it ran well on a day-to-day basis. Experienced employees, decent track, and sufficient yard capacity helped keep things fluid.

to help everyone restore service to normal. It really helped that following a previous severe winter the North Western had invested heavily in snow-removal equipment and other measures.

Of course, winter was no stranger to the railroad. During one morning meeting when things were pretty bad, President Larry Provo banged his fist on the table and said, "Winter's no excuse; we've been through 122 of 'em!" Shortly thereafter, posters bearing that message were circulated and displayed throughout the system. Another one read, "Using winter



The first Alcos transferred from South Dakota to Wisconsin — two C425s and an RS2 turned slug — head a freight east at Sussex, Wis., 10 miles west of Butler on the Adams Line, in 1981.



Among the units idling on the ready tracks outside the Butler diesel shop in spring 1979 are C628 6723, GP7 4315, SD40-2 6823, and visiting B&O GP40 4043.



Two GP30s and an SD45 stand among the smokestacks and coal piles of Wisconsin Electric's Oak Creek, Wis., power plant, a major source of traffic for the North Western, in mid-1980.

as an excuse is just another snow job.”

One of my personal goals was to ride trains over each through-freight route twice a year, both to find out how they rode but also to get ideas and feedback. One trip I particularly remember took place following one of the “You can save your wages in fuel” classes that were held as fuel prices escalated to show engineers how much fuel could be saved by using dynamic instead of power braking. A “poor man’s” simulator — an engineer’s seat, controls and computer — were set up in a mobile home-type truck and programmed to show the track profile and a train as it moved through it with information as to speed, buff, slack, and fuel. The territory was eastbound from Butler toward Chicago, where trains descended 5 miles of the 0.5-percent “West Allis Hill” toward Lake Michigan, followed by several miles ascending away from it. In the middle was a series of 2-degree curves, one of which had been slow-ordered to 10 mph because of worn rail for at least a year, with no funding in sight to replace it.

Following one of the classes, I decided to ride the territory with one of the engineers who had participated. As we crept through the 10-mph curve and throttled up to track speed, he asked me how much fuel and money I thought could be saved by getting rid of the slow order given the 20-plus trains a day that had to deal with it. This got me thinking, and I had a simulation done to find out. It indicated substantial savings, which we felt justified the rail replacement. VP of Operations Jim Zito was skeptical when I took the proposal to him. He had his own study done, which actually projected even greater savings. We got our rail.



Track workers rebuild the line between Clyman Junction and Jefferson Junction, Wis., in mid-1983, a project that enabled C&NW to abandon part of its Milwaukee-Madison line.

Another fuel-related idea that stemmed from one of my rides was to change the indication of most red “Stop and proceed” signals to “Proceed at restricted speed without stopping.” This one was cheap, as it involved nothing more than placing a “G” marker on signal masts.

On the subject of project justification, our biggest and I think most significant effort involved the auto plant in Janesville. Despite it being one of GM’s older plants, its reputation for quality kept its output increasing, with corresponding pressure on us to provide the needed on-time switching. The big problem was track configuration, which featured built-in conflicts for moves between the yard, plant, and auto-loading area. At one of our monthly meetings with GM managers and our marketing folks, we showed them how some track changes could help us all, but said we didn’t think we could sell the related expense to our management. GM’s response was, “How about we finance it, and you pay us back on a per-car basis?”

We hammered out enough details to ask for corporate authority, which was granted, and we had ourselves an improvement project that really helped. The North Western placed a lot of emphasis on operating and marketing cooperation, and this was a good example of why.

Another division proposal that was easier to justify was the rebuilding of 5 or so miles of the Clyman Subdivision in 1983. This permitted train and blocking changes which saved two days of transit time for traffic to and from the Jefferson area and enabled abandonment of 20-plus miles of the less-efficient previous route.

SAFETY ALWAYS

The North Western had pioneered numerous safety-related practices and programs over the years, including the slogan “Safety First.” Sometime in the late 1970s or early ’80s it hired consultants to do a systemwide safety analysis which focused not only on things like protective equipment and practices but also on employee morale, attitudes, and safety incentives. Some, such as chaps for employees cutting brush, were almost embarrassing that we hadn’t known about or employed. But the consultants’ recommendations leading to changes in our approach to discipline for safety and other rules violations, employee involve-



Prizes like plastic pitchers helped build morale and increase safety awareness.

Two divisions become one

0 20 40 60 80 miles

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— Wisconsin Division, pre-1979
— Lake Shore Division, pre-1979
— Other C&NW lines
- - - Rights on other lines
Not all lines shown



ment, and incentives were more important.

Discipline had always been “progressive,” based upon the seriousness of the offense and an employee’s prior record, but the new changes placed more emphasis on feedback, education, coaching, and the like.

It’s probably fair to say that every railroad had safety committees in one form or another from its earliest days. Many were “departmental,” but with the knowledge that its employees worked as teams across department boundaries, the North Western in the 1970s established “Em-

ployee Committees” consisting of members selected by their peers from all departments to explore safety and other work-related issues. It also established an annual goal for year-over-year reduction of personal injuries with a monetary award for divisions meeting the goal. The award amount was based on a division’s size and number of employees. The Wisconsin Division’s amount, which we qualified for in every year of my tenure but one, was around \$50,000.

Each division had its own way of allocating the money. We split half of ours among the employee committees to be used as they saw fit as long as it included a family-oriented event such as a picnic, party, etc. The other half went for awards



SD40-2 6935 and MILW SD45 15 shepherd an iron-ore train from Minnesota past the tower at Clyman Junction in March 1979.



Rail artist Gil Reid provided the cover illustration for a cookbook compiled by "The Ladies' Auxiliary," a group of Wisconsin Division managers' wives.

to employees who'd worked the year injury-free and to safety-related projects such as lighting, grading, and other things that we couldn't cover with the operating budget. It was interesting to see the committees determine their priorities, which ran the gamut from lunchroom microwave ovens to lighting, parking lot, and access road upgrades. The number of em-

ployees who volunteered to help with the picnics and other things was impressive too. One committee allocated money for a couple of gardening enthusiast members to plant flowers around the yard office. Each project had a tag or sign reminding one and all that it was paid for with Safety Award money and to work safely.

Employee communication was and is an important factor in morale and thus safety. One of the things I learned early on was that if you tell employees what you're doing or planning to do, and why, plus how it will affect them, you'll preempt the rumor mill and gain acceptance or — as in some cases — generate feedback that changes your mind. There were a lot of changes, with ongoing job reductions being foremost in people's minds. Others, such as employee ownership of the company and the changes it fostered, were for the better. These included improving track conditions, locomotive and car acquisitions, emphasis on house-keeping, as well as opening of the Powder River Basin coal line and acquisition of the former Rock Island's "Spine Line" to Kansas City.

MAKING TWO DIVISIONS ONE

Communications played a big part in the successful consolidation of the Lake Shore Division into the Wisconsin Division, too. In many cases, operating divisions had their roots in predecessor companies and inherited unique practices and attitudes along with that heritage. Some were good; others, not so much, but



C&NW F7s lead an inspection train south out of Milwaukee on the Milwaukee Road in fall 1984, when C&NW was looking at buying MILW.



Watched by people in boats on the Wisconsin River, Mid-Continent Railway Museum's ex-C&NW 4-6-0 1385 is 11 miles into its journey from the Circus World Museum at Baraboo to Milwaukee. The vintage circus wagons were en route to a July 14, 1985, parade in Milwaukee.

we went out of our way to adopt some and to explain why we needed to change others. We ran a business-car special over the major parts of the combined division and invited as many of the officers as we could, plus a few union representatives, to get acquainted and swap ideas and concerns. It helped, as did the fact that I'd

If you tell employees what you plan to do, and why, you'll pre-empt the rumor mill and gain acceptance — or generate feedback that changes your mind.

worked on the Lake Shore before and knew the operation and most of its people.

In 1984 the North Western changed from numeric to alpha symbols for its freight trains. A logical, easy-to-understand, and welcome change, it also gave rise to one of my favorite recollections. No. 490, the East Minneapolis-Proviso manifest train, had become EMPRA. On

the day the changeover took place, Butler Terminal Superintendent Bill Lundell overheard its crew calling the operator at St. Francis tower on Milwaukee's south side, "CNW EMPRA calling St. Francis for a line-up." The tower operator replied, "Can't handle you now EMPRA, I've got 490 coming." After a long pause, the crew tried again: "OK, Clyde. CNW 490 calling St. Francis . . ."

We all know that railroading — especially for the operating folks — can be tough on a family, and the saying "If Mama's unhappy, everyone's unhappy" is correct. This was one reason for our emphasis on family events and even what to use as safety-award items. We more or less stumbled into something else involving the wives when mine invited those of my assistant division managers to our house for lunch. They all enjoyed it so much that Rita decided to expand it to a more frequent and larger gathering which became lovingly known as The Ladies' Auxiliary. Not only did it provide mutual support and understanding but it also got involved in local events and charitable activities such as helping needy

children and families. The group also, with help from my secretary, compiled and circulated a cookbook, illustrated by our artist friend Gil Reid, which instantly became collectible. They even came up with a clever title for it: "*Beans*" à la Board, "beans" being railroadese for a meal. I think helping those needy families made us all realize how lucky we were to be working on the railroad.

Finally, while my "day job" was managing my division, one of the most enjoyable, rewarding, and unique features was my role in the North Western's steam program. You can read all about it in the next installment of "The Best of Everything." ■



CHRIS BURGER, retired since 1998 from a career with NYC, New Haven, C&NW, Central Vermont, and Central of Indiana, lives with his wife Rita in Indiana. This is the 15th entry in his "Best of Everything" retrospective series.

A day on the “Dead Horse Job”

Prowling the back tracks of Los Angeles on an old Santa Fe 0-6-0 in 1941



A Santa Fe 0-6-0 of the same class as the one on author Elwood's Los Angeles job crosses a street in San Diego in the 1940s. Kent W. Cochrane

I guess when people get up in age, they tend to look back on their lives and remember the good times — and the bad times too, of course.

I remember mid-May 1941, when I was the fireman on a Santa Fe Railway switch engine, working on the day shift in First Street Yard in Los Angeles. I was 21 years old, with just seven months of seniority. Not long before, seven months seniority would see you on midnight or afternoon shifts, but with war raging in Europe, railroad traffic was up throughout the United States, and I was able to hold the day shift. Several months later, after December 7, things would become even busier.

To give the reader a glimpse of how it was in those times working on a steam locomotive with an experienced engineer and switch crew, I will take you along with us on the “149 Job,” on duty at 7 a.m. at the First Street

Yard Office. (The assignment was also known as the “Mainline Industries Job” or “Dead Horse Job.”) Our engine was a 40-year-old 0-6-0.

The first order of business for every yard switch job was to move the engine to the water spouts located at the old roundhouse site at Third Street to take a full tank of water. This was a busy place at the beginning of every shift, with engines lined up waiting their turn to take on water from only two spouts. While the fireman was filling the tender's water tank, the engineer would be oiling around, checking brakeshoes, and making a general inspection of his locomotive.

The cars for the 149 Job to handle for the mainline industries would be waiting on old Rip Track No. 4. They had been switched into that track during the night after arriving on freight trains from all points on the railroad. The

job's switch foreman had a list of all the cars, and the industries they were to go to.

We backed our engine in on track No. 4 and coupled into the cars. Our switchman coupled the tender's air hose to the first car, and then we waited as the engine's air pump charged the train line. Yard engines operating on the main line were required to have the air brakes on all cars operating. We would run on the main line from Sixth Street, past Redondo Junction, to a point just east of the Los Angeles River, where we entered a long siding beside the main line. Various spur tracks off the siding gave access to the industries to which our cars were bound.

“You can take her now”

The regular engineer on the 149 Job was Bill Burton, an old-timer (he hired out as a fireman in 1914) who had spent most of his time as an engineer in yard service. He was a fine gentleman and a good man to work with. Bill started our train and pulled out on the main line, then looked over to me on the fireman's side with a big smile on his face and the

The job's regular engineer was Bill Burton, an old-timer who had hired out in 1914. He was a fine gentleman, and a good man to work with.

morning newspaper in his hand.

"Jack," he said, "you can take her now while I am firing. I'll get caught up on the news."

Before hiring out on the Santa Fe, I worked as a fireman on the Los Angeles Junction Railway, where I learned how to fire — and run — a locomotive. Bill found this fact out as soon as I had come on the job with him, and he often let me take the throttle. Needless to say this 21-year-old was experiencing one of the good times in life. I would run the engine all day long and love every minute of it. Old Bill would be content to fire the engine without the stress of being in on every move — and we made many, many moves as we switched several large industrial plants. Stauffer Chemical required extensive switching of many tank cars loaded with hazardous liquids, which had to be handled very carefully. I got a lot of important experience handling the locomotive at this chemical plant. There were also many warehouses, lumber yards, paint manufacturers, lube-oil companies, and other businesses that we switched.

At about 11 a.m., we headed back out on the main line, crossed the Union Pacific line to Long Beach harbor at Hobart Tower, and continued on to "Dead Horse Spur" across from the Santa Fe's big Hobart Yard.

There was no doubt at this time as to where we were. The smell permeated the atmosphere everywhere. On the main lead there were two big rendering plants, probably the only ones for the entire Los Angeles area. Many times our engine would be inside the buildings, right beside the cooking vats, which were engulfed in flies. Those smells were terrible — but somebody had to do the job. After your shift, family and friends would know what job you had been working as soon as you got near them.

Guard dog on the loose!

While relating this account I remember an incident that happened at one of the plants on the north side of Hobart Yard. It was fenced with a gate through which the tracks entered to the loading platform. A German shepherd guard dog patrolled the yard. The engine foreman on our job was a guy named Herzog.

I pulled the engine right up to the gate. Herzog had a key for all the gate locks of all the industries we served. He unlocked the gate and opened it. Evidently someone had forgotten to tie up the guard dog as was required. The dog dashed toward Herzog and got him by the leg



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The Way It Was



Fireman Jack Elwood (center) and engineer Bill Burton (right) stand with fellow 149 Job crewman G. Lowe in 1941; in the cab is a hostler helper. Jack Elwood collection

before the owners could restrain it.

Now, it was well known that, for whatever reason, Herzog was not a man fastidious in his dress or body cleanliness. Soon the report of the incident was all around the Los Angeles yard. The story went that he had been bitten by a dog and that the dog had died. It was reported that even Herzog laughed when he heard the story.

3 p.m. tie-up at First Street

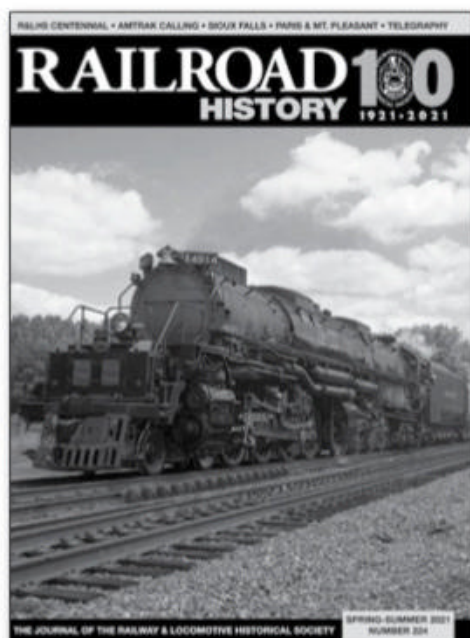
Around 2 p.m., we would gather up the loads and empties from the day's work, get our train together at Hobart Yard, and head back west to First Street Yard. Sometimes we would have quite a few cars, and our old 0-6-0 would have to work hard up the grade from Hobart Tower to Redondo Junction Tower.

When I stopped at the switch heading into First Street Yard, Bill would announce with a smile, "I'll take her now."

Then he'd take the train into the yard track, cut the engine off, and go to the tie-up track by the yard office for a 3 p.m. tie-up.

As my seniority built up, I was able to bid in a freight fireman's pool turn in San Bernardino. Although this meant leaving Bill Burton and the 149 Job, it had me firing through trains over Cajon Pass in the thick of World War II traffic, and led to many new and memorable experiences. — *Jack O. Elwood*

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Next Issue



Ten-Wheeler in the Spotlight

In the next installment of his Best of Everything series, Chris Burger recalls when C&NW used a 4-6-0 as a goodwill ambassador

Highest Rails in New York

Victor Hand climbs up the Hell Gate Bridge in the 1970s

What's in a Photo?

B&M steam and diesel at White River Junction, Vt.

Helllooo, Texas!

A boomer engineer jumps from the Rock Island in Iowa to the Cotton Belt in Texas

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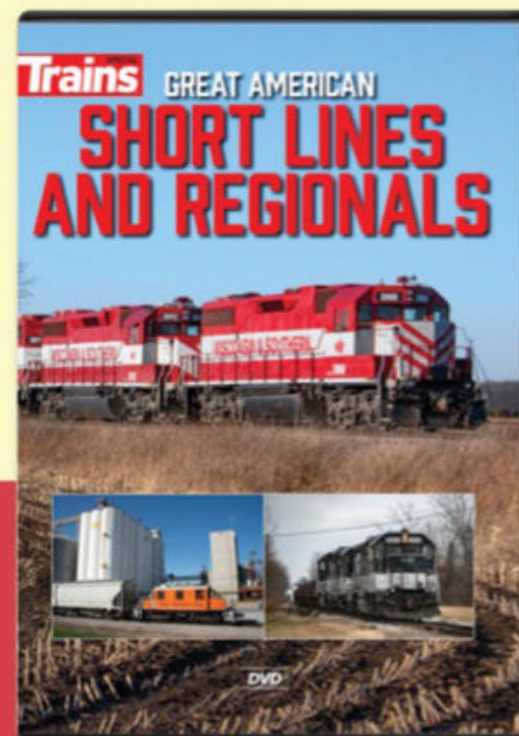
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End of an era in northern Michigan

Detroit & Mackinac retreats from part of its original line

“Friday will be our last run down through Alpena,” Detroit & Mackinac Railway conductor Merv Rogers casually quipped as he was about to climb onto his caboose, a former World War II troop sleeper. It was a late July afternoon in 1978. I had gone to D&M’s yard in Cheboygan, Mich., to observe the daily morning freight, which was about to travel down the route known as the “Lake Huron Shore Line” ending in Bay City.

Historically, D&M did not reach either of the points in its name, extending only from Bay City to Cheboygan via Alpena. That changed on April 1, 1976, when, as part of the Conrail startup, D&M acquired the ex-Penn Central (New York Central) line between Bay City and Mackinaw City



Horses take little notice as a D&M RS2 and C420 lead the last train south out of Cheboygan, Mich., on July 28, 1978. Ron Cady

via Grayling. For the first time, D&M actually reached Mackinaw, and began switching the carferry *Chief Wawatam*, which crossed the Straits of Mackinac to St. Ignace on Michigan’s Upper Peninsula.

D&M began providing service between Bay City and Grayling on the ex-PC line, but north of Grayling the Gaylord traffic was brought up to Cheboygan to be hauled down the original D&M line. Now, two years later, no service existed on the 28-mile segment between Gaylord and Grayling. But that was all to

change. The reasoning was that, since there was no longer any on-line business between Cheboygan and Big Cut, 38 miles south on the original D&M line, the logical choice was to abandon that track and haul the Cheboygan–Gaylord traffic down the faster ex-PC line.

It is interesting to note that 74 years earlier, in 1904, D&M’s attempt to enter Cheboygan had been met with great opposition by NYC predecessor Michigan Central, which was not too fond of having a competitor railroad in town, so MC

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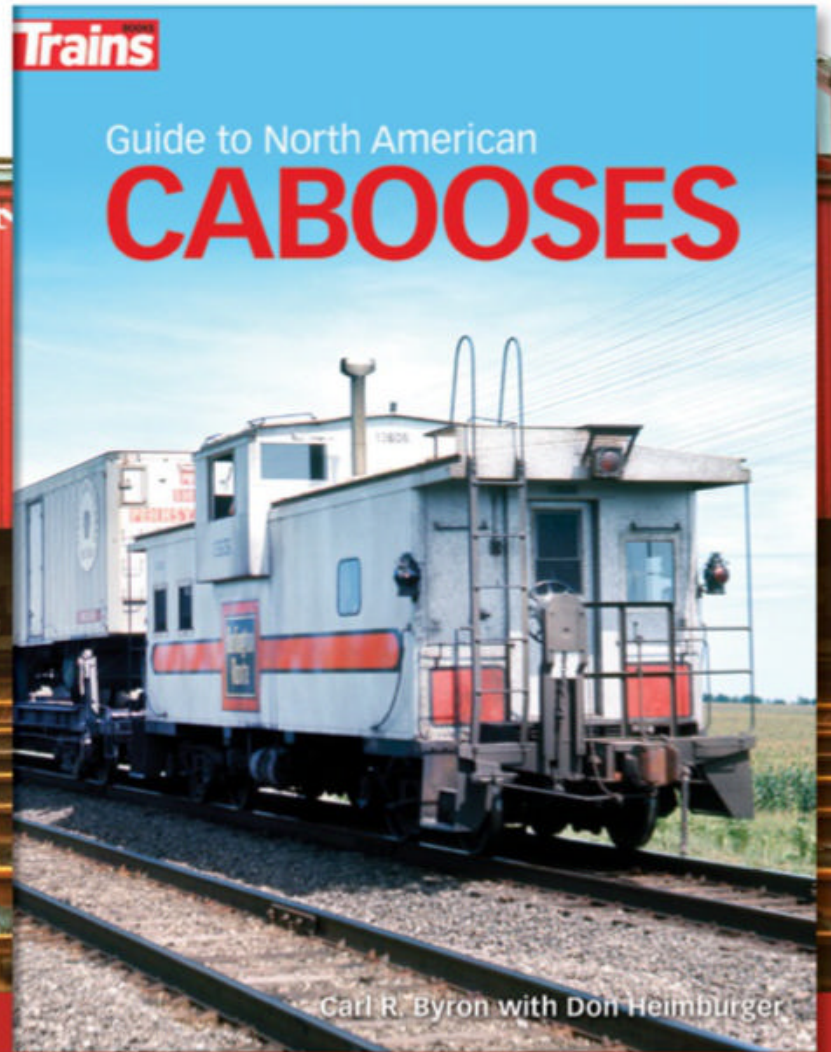
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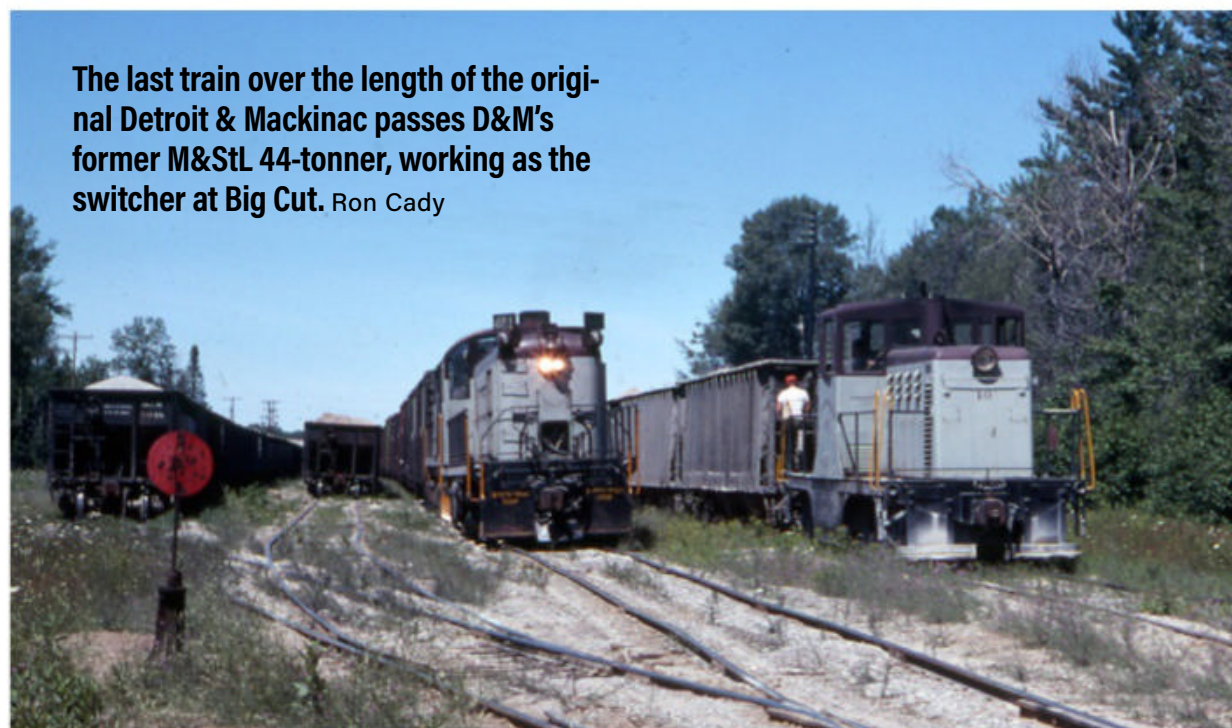
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blocked construction of the crossing of its track with a freight car. Many Cheboygan residents, however, saw a second railroad as progress, and overturned the car so the D&M could enter Cheboygan.

With conductor Rogers' remark in mind, I alerted my friend Steve Morse, who lived in nearby Rogers City (at the end of a branch off the Cheboygan-Alpena segment), that a historic move was about to take place: the last train to run over 38 miles of original D&M track. July 28 was the day of the final run. D&M depended upon Alcos for its road freights, and was still running most of its original (but soon to be retired) maroon-and-gray RS2s. Steve and I were hopeful that we would see at least one of these vintage locomotives pulling the last train.

Friday, July 28, was an ideal summer day — about 80 degrees and low humidity. Burbling beside the Cheboygan depot was RS2 481; trailing was recently acquired ex-Long Island C420 976. A hefty train of boxcars loaded with particleboard from the Champion mill in Gaylord and diapers from Cheboygan's Proctor & Gamble plant was ready for the final run.

The train departed, and soon crossed the old truss bridge over the Cheboygan



The last train over the length of the original Detroit & Mackinac passes D&M's former M&StL 44-tonner, working as the switcher at Big Cut. Ron Cady

River, where nearby grazing horses barely turned their heads to the passing Alcos and boxcars.

When the train arrived in Big Cut, location of a large gravel pit, it passed D&M's General Electric 44-ton switcher, which was kept there to move cars. The Big Cut operation would hang on for a few more years until the railroad further cut back the line.

We ended our day in Alpena, from

where the train would continue its run down to Bay City. It seemed few people were aware of this historic day, and documentation of it never made the local newspapers. Little did we know that the closure of this section of the Detroit & Mackinac was only the beginning of a series of abandonments of other lines that would render the Straits of Mackinac region devoid of any rail service. But that is another story. — Ron Cady

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Three of the eight *Limiteds*: 4-8-4 1505 drifts in with Second 3 (left); two 1600s depart with First 6; two more muscle Sixth 6 east. W. P. Ratchford

Labor Day show in Scranton

Eight sections of the *Lackawanna Limited* in 4 hours

On Labor Day 1946 in Scranton, Pa., the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad put on a show to delight any railfan, for in the space of 4 hours, *eight* sections of the *Lackawanna Limited* originated at, passed through, or terminated at the division point and shop town — two westbound, six eastbound. They totaled 10 engines and 88 cars, and carried hundreds of passengers.

The show started quietly enough, at 1:05 p.m., when the first section of No. 3, the westbound *Limited*, appeared — seven cars behind a 1600-series 4-8-4. This train displayed the customary green flags, and operated only into Scranton.

Twenty minutes later the second section rolled in, brakes smoking from the run down the mountain, with 11 cars behind engine 1505, one of DL&W's earlier, lighter 4-8-4s.

That was Act I. Act II started at 3:05 when the first section of train 6 left for Hoboken. Classified as an extra, it consisted

of two 1600s and 11 cars. Each 4-8-4 displayed white flags, for the first one would be dropped at the top of the hill.

Thirteen minutes later, the second section of train 6 left with 11 open-vestibule coaches behind a 1600. This was classified extra also. It had no passengers; these would be picked up at stations to the east.

Third 6, yet another extra, left 11 minutes later — 11 cars behind engine 1505, which had come in on Second 3.

And 11 minutes later, a fourth section of train 6, again an extra, left with 11 open-vestibule coaches behind No. 1605. All four of these eastbounds were made up in Scranton. As they came up from the yards, they stopped only long enough to load and get a clear track.

Fifth 6, however, was made up at Binghamton, 59 miles west of Scranton. Usually trains from the west were powered by a Hudson, which was taken off at Scranton in favor of a 4-8-4 or two. But this 1600, flying green flags, would run through, and

was serviced right at the station. Twenty minutes behind Fourth 6, this train departed with 12 cars, including two diners.

While all these trains were pulling into and leaving the station (which had only two through passenger tracks), 4-8-4s 1631 and 1648 managed to slip up from the roundhouse, stopping at a point just east of the station. Here they waited for the last section of No. 6, the main portion of the *Lackawanna Limited*, which operated from Buffalo, with cars from Chicago.

They had not long to wait. This last section counted 14 cars, powered by a 4-6-4, No. 1151. This train eased into the station, where 1151 was cut off; then the Hudson pulled ahead to reach the switches that were lined up for its trip back to the roundhouse.

Next, 1631 and 1648 backed down to the train, got the highball, and took off east. It was a stirring sight to see these giants blasting up the hill toward the Pocos, and one could only admire the effort the Lackawanna made to accommodate its patrons. The passengers could be assured of the safest, most reliable transportation in the world, and could count on arriving on time despite weather or high-way conditions. — W. P. Ratchford

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www.bridgeviewbnb.com

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www.febt.org

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30th ANNUAL CHICAGO

Railroadiana & Model Train Show & Sale

Sunday, October 17, 2021 • 10AM-3PM

Kane County Fairgrounds

525 S Randall Rd, St. Charles, IL

Admission \$6.00 w/tax • Tables \$60

For info contact: RussFierce@aol.com or 847-358-1185

Check website for
COVID-19 updates

www.RRShows.com

45th ANNUAL KANE COUNTY

Railroadiana & Model Train Show & Sale

Sunday, June 13, 2021 • 10AM-3PM

Kane County Fairgrounds

525 S Randall Rd, St. Charles, IL

Admission \$6.00 w/tax • Tables \$60

For info contact: RussFierce@aol.com or 847-358-1185

Check website for
COVID-19 updates

www.RRShows.com

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Pennsy's Steel City statement

The Pennsylvania Railroad's station in Pittsburgh, completed in 1903, consisted of three distinct elements. The open-sided rotunda out front, provided as a place for vehicles to drop off and pick up passengers, has long been regarded as a masterpiece of Beaux Arts architecture. The boxy 13-story office building behind it, the bottom two floors of which housed station facilities, also endures like an anchor at the edge of downtown, having been converted to apartments in the 1980s. Both landmarks were the work of noted Chicago architect Daniel Burnham, whom PRR engaged to design a replacement for the "temporary" station built in the wake of the destructive 1877 labor

riots. (The complex project also involved elevating the station and mainline trackage above street level.) The third element, now largely forgotten, was the 556-foot-long, 90-foot-high arched trainshed pictured here. It covered 14 tracks: 3 through tracks on the north side for "Fort Wayne" (Chicago) trains, 8 stub tracks in the center, and 3 more through tracks for "Panhandle" (St. Louis) traffic. In this view from a year or two before the shed's 1947 removal, a G5 Ten-Wheeler waits to depart with a local train, while a troop train stands on the Fort Wayne side. Today, the low, canopy-style shed PRR erected in the mid-1950s shelters Amtrak passengers. Kent W. Cochrane photo